THE REVENGE OF *Bussy D'Ambois.*

A TRAGEDIE.

As it hath beene often presented at the priuate Play-house in the White-Fryers.

Written

By GEORGE CHAPMAN, Gentleman.

LONDON:
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TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS, AND truely Noble Knight, Sr. *Thomas Howard. &c.*

Sir,

SInce VVorkes of this kinde haue beene lately eſteemed worthy the Patronage of ſome of our worthieſt Nobles, I haue made no doubt to preferre this of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and exceeding true Nobleſſe : as contayning matter no leſſe deſeruing your reading, and excitation to Heroycall life, then any ſuch late Dedication. Nor haue the greateſt Princes of Italie, and other Countries, conceiued it any leaſt diminution to their greatneſſe,

to haue their Names wing'd with theſe Tragicke Plumes, and diſperſt by way of Patronage, through the moſt Noble Notices of Europe.

Howſoeuer therefore in the Scænicall preſentation, it might meete with ſome maligners, yet conſidering, euen therein, it paſt with approbation of more worthy iudgements; the Ballance of their ſide (eſpecially being held by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther perſon or action, who (worth the reſpecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whoſe ſubiect is not truth, but things like truth? Poore enuious ſoules they are that cauill at truths want in theſe naturall fictions: materiall inſtruction, elegant and ſententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary; being the ſoule, lims, and limits of an autentica'l Tragedie. But whatſoeuer merit of your full countenance and fauour ſuffers defect in this, I ſhall ſoone ſupply with ſome other of more generall account: wherein your right vertuous Name made famous

famous and preſerued to poſteritie, your future comfort and honour in your preſent acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and diuine expreſſion; may be ſo much paſt others of your Rancke encreaſt, as they are ſhort of your Iudiciall Ingenuitie, in their due eſtimation.

For, howſoeuer thoſe Ignoble and ſowre-brow'd VVorldlings are careleſſe of whatſoeuer future, or preſent opinion ſpreads of them; yet (with the moſt diuine Philoſopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith; that we truely retaine an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably anſwerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Inſtruction: In whoſe fauour and honour I wiſh you moſt eminent; And reſt euer.

Your true Vertues

moſt true obſeruer,

Geo. Chapman.

The Actors names.

Henry, the King.
Monsieur, his Brother.
Guise. D.
Renel, a Marquesse.
Mont sureau, an Earle.
Baligny, Lord Lieutenant.
Clermont, *D'Ambois.*
Maillard.
Challon. } Captaines.
Aumal.
Espernone.

Soissone.
Perricot.
The *Guard.*
Souldiers.
Seruants.

The ghost of { *Bussy.* *Monsieur.* *Guise.* *Card Guise.* *Shattilion.*

Countesse of Cambray.
Tamyra, wife to Mont sureau.
Charlotte, wife to Baligny.
Rioua, a Seruant.

THE

THE REVENGE OF *Buſſy D'Ambois.* A TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

Enter *Baligny, Renel.*

Baligny.

TO what will this declining Kingdome turne,
Swindging in euery licenſe, as in this
Stupide permiſſion of braue D'Ambois Murther?
Murther made paralell with Law? Murther vs'd
To ſerue the Kingdome, giuen by ſute to men
For their aduancement? ſuffered ſcarcrow-like
To fright adulterie? what will policie
At length bring vnder his capacitie?

Rene. All things: for as when the high births of Kings
Deliuerances, and Coronations,
We celebrate with all the Cities Bels
(Iangling together in vntun'd confuſion:)
All order'd Clockes are tyed vp: ſo when Glory,
Flatterie, and ſmooth applauſes of things ill,
Vphold th'inordinate ſwindge of downe-right power,
Iuſtice, and truth, that tell the bounded vſe,
Vertuous, and well diſtinguiſht formes of Time,

Are gag'd and tongue-tide, but wee haue obſeru'd
Rule in more regular motion: things moſt lawfull
Were once moſt royall, Kings ſought common good
Mens manly liberties, though ne'er ſo meane,
And had their owne ſwindge ſo: more free, and more,
But when pride enter'd them, and Rule by power,
All browes that ſmil'd beneath them, frown'd; hearts grieu'd,
By imitation; vertue quite was vaniſht,
And all men ſtudi'd ſelfe-loue, fraud, and vice,
Then no man could be good but he was puniſht:
Tyrants being ſtill more fearefull of the good
Then of the bad; their ſubiects vertues euer
Manag'd with curbs, and dangers, and eſteem'd
As ſhadowes, and detractions to their owne.

Bal. Now all is peace, no danger: now what followes?
Idleneſſe ruſts vs; ſince no vertuous labour
Ends ought rewarded: Eaſe, Securitie
Now all the Palme weares, wee made warre before
So to preuent warre, men with giuing gifts
More then receiuing, made our Countrey ſtrong;
Our matchleſſe race of Souldiers then would ſpend
In publike warres, not priuate brawles, their ſpirits;
In daring Enemies, arm'd with meaneſt armes;
Not courting ſtrumpets, and conſuming birth-rights
In Apiſhneſſe, and enuy of attire.
No labour then was harſh, no way ſo deepe,
No rocke ſo ſteepe, but if a Bird could ſcale it,
Vp would our youth flie to. A Foe in armes
Stirr'd vp a much more luſt of his encounter,
Then of a Miſtreſſe neuer ſo be-painted:
Ambition then, was onely ſcaling walles;
And ouer-topping turrets: Fame was wealth;
Beſt parts, beſt deedes, were beſt Nobilitie;
Honour with worth; and wealth well got or none.
Countries we wonne with as few men as Countries.
Vertue ſubdu'd all.

Ren. Iuſt: and then our Nobles
Lou'd vertue ſo, they prais'd and vs'd it to;

Had

Had rather doe, then say; their owne deedes hearing
By others glorified, then be so barraine,
That their parts onely stood in praising others.
Bal. Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and enui'd not;
Ciuile behauiour flourisht; Bountie flow'd,
Auarice to vpland Boores, slaues hang-men banisht.
Ren. Tis now quite otherwise; but to note the cause
Of all these foule digressions, and reuolts
From our first natures, this tis in a word:
Since good Arts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd:
Men ignorant are idle; idle men
Most practise what they most may doe with ease,
Fashion, and fauour; all their studies ayming
At getting money, which no wise man euer
Fed his desires with.
Bal. Yet now none are wise
That thinke not heauens true foolish, weigh'd with that.
Well thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
Make with thy greatnesse a new world arise.
Such depress't Nobles (followers of his)
As you, my selfe, my Lord will finde a time
When to reuenge your wrongs.
Ren. I make no doubt:
In meane time, I could wish, the wrong were righted
Of your slaine Brother in law, braue Bussy D'Ambois.
Bal. That one accident was made my charge.
My Brother Bussy's Sister (now my wife)
By no suite would consent to satisfie
My loue of her, with marriage, till I vow'd,
To vse my vtmost to reuenge my Brother:
But Clermont D'Ambois (Bussy's second Brother)
Had (since) his apparition, and excitement,
To suffer none but his hand in his wreake,
Which hee hath vow'd, and so will needes acquite
Me of my vow, made to my wife, his Sister,
And vndertake himselfe Bussy's reuenge;
Yet loathing any way to giue it act,
But in the noblest and most manly course.

(If th'Earle dares take it) he reſolues to ſend
A Challenge to him, and my ſelfe muſt beare it,
To which deliuerie I can vſe no meanes;
He is ſo barricado'd in his houſe,
And arm'd with guard ſtill.

Ren. That meanes lay on mee,
Which I can ſtrangely make. My laſt lands ſale,
By his great ſuite, ſtands now on price with him,
And hee (as you know) paſſing couetous,
(With that blinde greedineſſe that followes gaine)
Will caſt no danger, where her ſweet feete tread.
Beſides, you know, his Lady by his ſuite,
(Wooing as freſhly, as when firſt loue ſhot
His faultleſſe arrowes from her roſie eyes)
Now liues with him againe, and ſhee, I know,
Will ioyne with all helps, in her friends reuenge.

Bal. No doubt (my Lord) and therefore let me pray you
To vſe all ſpeede; for ſo on needels points
My wifes heart ſtands with haſte of the reuenge:
Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,
That ſhee imagines I neglect my vow;
Keepes off her kinde embraces, and ſtill askes;
When, when, will this reuenge come? when perform'd
Will this dull vow be? And I vow to Heauen
So ſternely, and ſo paſt her ſexe ſhe vrges
My vowes performance; that I almoſt feare
To ſee her, when I haue a while beene abſent,
Not ſhowing her before I ſpeake, the bloud
She ſo much thirſts for, freckling hands and face,

Ren. Get you the Challenge writ, and looke from me,
To heare your paſſage clear'd no long time after. *Exit Ren.*

Bal. All reſtitution to your worthieſt Lordſhip,
Whoſe errand I muſt carrie to the King,
As hauing ſworne my ſeruice in the ſearch
Of all ſuch Malecontents, and their deſignes,
By ſeeming one, affected with their faction,
And diſcontented humours gainſt the ſtate:
Nor doth my brother *Clermont* ſcape my counſaile

Giuen to the King, about his Guiſean greatneſſe,
Which (as I ſpice it) hath poſſeſt the King
(Knowing his daring ſpirit) of much danger:
Charg'd in it to his perſon: though my conſcience
Dare ſweare him cleare of any power to be
Infected with the leaſt diſhoneſtie:
Yet that ſinceritie, wee Politicians
Muſt ſay, growes out of enuie, ſince it cannot
Aſpire to policies greatneſſe: and the more
We worke on all reſpects of kinde, and vertue,
The more our ſeruice to the King ſeemes great,
In ſparing no good that ſeemes bad to him:
And the more bad, we make the moſt of good,
The more our policie ſearcheth; and our ſeruice
Is wonder'd at for wiſedome and ſincereneſſe.
Tis eaſie to make good ſuſpected ſtill,
Where good, and God, are made but cloakes for ill.
See Monſieur taking now his leaue for Brabant,
The Guiſe, & his deare Minion, Clermont D'Ambois,
Whiſpering together, not of ſtate affaires
I durſt lay wagers, (though the Guiſe be now
In chiefe heate of his faction) but of ſome thing,
Sauouring of that which all men elſe deſpiſe,
How to be truely noble, truely wiſe.

Enter Henry, Monſieur, Guiſe, Clermont Eſpernone, Foiſſon. Monſieur taking leaue of the King.

Morſ. See how hee hangs vpon the eare of Guiſe,
Like to his Iewell.

Eſper. Hee's now whiſp'ring in
Some doctrine of ſtabilitie, and freedome,
Contempt of outward greatneſſe, and the guiſes
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeale,
Being onely ſeruile traines, and ſumptuous houſes,
High places, offices.

Monſ. Contempt of theſe
Does he read to the Guiſe? Tis paſſing needfull,
And hee, I thinke, makes ſhow t'affect his doctrine.

Eſp. Commends, admires it.

Monſ. And purſues another,
Tis fine hypocriſie, and cheape, and vulgar,

Knowne for a couert practiſe, yet beleeu'd
(By thoſe abus'd ſoules, that they teach and gouerne)
No more then Wiues adulteries, by their Husbands,
They bearing it with ſo vnmou'd aſpects,
Hot comming from it; as twere not all,
Or made by cuſtome nothing. This ſame D'Ambois
Hath gotten ſuch opinion of his vertues,
(Holding all learning but an Art to liue well,)
And ſhowing hee hath learn'd it, in his life,
Being thereby ſtrong in his perſwading others;
That this ambitious Guiſe, embracing him,
Is thought t'mbrace his vertues.

Eſp. Yet in ſome
His vertues are held falſe for th'others vices:
For tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To ſuſpect truth then falſhood: and of both,
Truth ſtill fares worſe; as hardly being beleeu'd,
As tis vnvſuall, and rarely knowne.

Monſ. Ile part engendring vertue. Men affirme
Though this ſame Clermont hath a D'Ambois ſpirit,
And breathes his brothers valour; yet his temper
Is ſo much paſt his, that you cannot moue him:
Ile try that temper in him. Come, you two
Deuoure each other with your vertues zeale,
And leaue for other friends, no fragment of yee:
I wonder Guiſe, you will thus rauiſh him
Out of my boſome, that firſt gaue the life
His manhood breathes, ſpirit, and meanes and luſter.
What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee Clermont?
Once giue me leaue (for tryall of that loue
That from thy brother Buſſy thou inherit'ſt)
T'vnclaſpe thy boſome. *Cler.* As how ſir?

Monſ. Be a true glaſſe to mee, in which I may
Behold what thoughts the many headed-beaſt,
And thou thy ſelfe breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new vpſtarted ſtate in Brabant,
For which I now am bound, my higher aymes,
Imagin'd here in France: ſpeake man, and let;

Thy

Thy words be borne as naked as thy thoughts:
O were braue Buſſy liuing! *Cler.* Liuing my Lord?
Monſ. Tis true, thou art his brother, but durſt thou
Haue brau'd the Guiſe: mauger his preſence, courted
His wedded Lady; emptied euen the dregs
Of his worſt thoughts of mee, euen to my teeth;
Diſcern'd not me his riſing ſoueraigne
From any common groome: but let me heare
My groſſeſt faults, as groſſe-full as they were.
Durſt thou doe this?
Cler. I cannot tell: A man
Does neuer know the goodneſſe of his ſtomacke
Till hee ſees meate before him. Were I dar'd,
Perhaps as he was, I durſt doe like him.
Monſ. Dare then to poure out here thy freeſt ſoule,
Of what I am. *Cler.* Tis ſtale, he tolde you it.
Monſ. He onely ieſted, ſpake of ſplene and enuie;
Thy ſoule more learn'd, is more ingenuous,
Searching, iudiciall; let me then from thee
Heare what I am.
Cler. What but the ſole ſupport,
And moſt expectant hope of all our France,
The toward victor of the whole low Countryes?
Monſ. Tuſh, thou wilt ſing Encomions of my praiſe.
Is this like D'Ambois? I muſt vexe the Guiſe,
Or neuer looke to heare free truth; tell me,
For Buſſy liues not: hee durſt anger mee,
Yet for my loue, would not haue fear'd to anger
The King himſelfe. Thou vnderſtand'ſt me, doſt not?
Cler. I ſhall my Lord, with ſtudie.
Monſ. Doſt vnderſtand thy ſelfe? I pray thee tell me,
Doſt neuer ſearch thy thoughts, what my deſigne
Might be to entertaine thee and thy brother?
What turne I meant to ſerue with you?
Cler. Euen what you pleaſe to thinke.
Monſ. But what thinkſt thou?
Had I no end in't think'ſt? *Cler.* I thinke you had.
Monſ. When I tooke in ſuch two as you two were,

A ragged couple of decaid Commanders,
When a French-crowne would plentifully ſerue
To buy you both to any thing i'th' earth.
Cler. So it would you:
Monſ. Nay bought you both out-right,
You and your Trunkes: I feare me, I offend thee.
Cler. No not a iot.
Monſ. The moſt renowmed Souldier
Epaminondas (as good Authors ſay)
Had no more ſuites then backes, but you two ſhar'd
But one ſuite twixt you both, when both your ſtudies
Were not what meate to dine with; if your Partridge,
Your Snipe, your Wood-cocke, Larke, or your red Hering,
But where to begge it, whether at my houſe,
Or at the Guiſes (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars,) or at ſome Cookes-ſhop,
T'eternize the Cookes truſt, and ſcore it vp.
Doſt not offend thee? *Cler.* No ſir. Pray proceede.
Monſ. As for thy Gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable othe: and yet ſome ſay
Thou and thy moſt renowmed noble Brother,
Came to the Court firſt in a Keele of Sea-coale;
Doſt not offend thee? *Cler.* Neuer doubt it, ſir.
Monſ. Why doe I loue thee then? why haue I rak'd thee
Out of the dung-hill? caſt my caſt Ward-robe on thee?
Brought thee to Court to, as I did thy Brother?
Made yee my ſawcy bon companions?
Taught yee to call our greateſt Noble men
By the corruption of their names; Iack, Tom?
Haue I blowne both for nothing to this bubble?
Though thou art learn'd; thaſt no enchanting wit,
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound
To keepe thee for my Table?
Cler. Well Sir, 'twere
A good Knights place. Many a proud dubb'd Gallant
Seekes out a poore Knights liuing from ſuch Emrods.
Or what vſe elſe ſhould I deſigne thee to?
Perhaps you'll anſwere me, to be my Pander,

Cler.

Cler. Perhaps I ſhall.
Monſ. Or did the ſlie Guiſe put thee
Into my boſome, t'vndermine my proiects?
I feare thee not; for though I be not ſure
I haue thy heart, I know thy braine-pan yet
To be as emptie a dull piece of wainſcot
As euer arm'd the ſcalpe of any Courtier;
A fellow onely that conſiſts of ſinewes;
Meere Switſer, apt for any execution.
Cler. But killing of the King.
Mon. Right: now I ſee
Thou vnderſtand'ſt thy ſelfe.
Cler. I, and you better.
You are a Kings ſonne borne. *Monſ.* Right.
Cler. And a Kings brother. *Monſ.* True.
Cler. And might not any foole haue beene ſo too,
As well as you? *Monſ.* A poxe vpon you.
Cler. You did no Princely deedes
Ere you're borne (I take it) to deſerue it;
Nor did you any ſince that I haue heard;
Nor will doe euer any, as all thinke.
Monſ. The Diuell take him. Ile no more of him.
Guiſe. Nay: ſtay my Lord, and heare him anſwere you.
Monſ. No more I ſweare. Farewell. *Ex. Monſ.*
Guiſe. No more: Ill fortune. *Eſper. Soiſſ.*
I would haue giuen a million to haue heard
His ſcoffes retorted: and the inſolence
Of his high birth and greatneſſe (which were neuer
Effects of his deſerts, but of his fortune)
Made ſhow to his dull eyes, beneath the worth
That men aſpire to by their knowing vertues,
Without which Greatneſſe is a ſhade, a bubble.
Cler. But what one great man dreames of that, but you?
All take their births and birth-rights left to them
(Acquir'd by others) for their owne worths purchaſe,
When many a foole in both, is great as they:
And who would thinke they could winne with their worths
Wealthy poſſeſſions, when wonne to their hands,

They neyther can iudge iuſtly of their value,
Nor know their vſe; and therefore they are puſt
With ſuch proud tumours as this Monſieur is:
Enabled onely by the goods they haue,
To ſcorne all goodneſſe: none great, fill their fortunes,
But as thoſe men that make their houſes greater,
Their houſholds being leſſe, ſo Fortune raiſes
Huge heapes of out-ſide in theſe mightie men,
And giues them nothing in them.

Guiſe. True as truth:
And therefore they had rather drowne their ſubſtance
In ſuperfluities of brickes and ſtones;
(Like *Syſiphus*, aduancing of them euer,
And euer pulling downe) then lay the coſt
Of any ſluttiſh corner, on a man,
Built with Gods finger, and enſtil'd his Temple.

Bal. Tis nobly ſaid, my Lord.

Guiſe. I would haue theſe things
Brought vpon Stages, to let mightie Miſers
See all their graue and ſerious miſeries, plaid,
As once they were in Athens, and olde Rome.

Cler. Nay, we muſt now haue nothing brought on Stages,
But puppetry, and pide ridiculous Antickes:
Men thither come, to laugh, and feede foole-fat,
Checke at all goodneſſe there, as being prophan'd:
When whereſoeuer goodneſſe comes, ſhee makes
The place ſtill ſacred; though with other feete
Neuer ſo much tis ſcandal'd, and polluted.
Let me learne any thing that fits a man,
In any Stables ſhowne, as well as Stages.

Bal. Why? is not all the world eſteem'd a Stage?

Cler. Yes: and right worthily: and Stages too
Haue a reſpect due to them: if but onely,
For what the good Greeke Moraliſts ſayes of them;
Is a man proud of greatneſſe, or of riches?
Giue me an expert Actor; Ile ſhew all,
That can within his greateſt glory fall.
Is a man fraid with pouertie and lowneſſe?

Giue me an Actor, Ile ſhew euery eye
What hee laments ſo, and ſo much doth flye,
The beſt and worſt of both: if but for this then,
To make the proudeſt out-ſide that moſt ſwels,
With things without him, and aboue his worth,
See how ſmall cauſe hee has to be ſo blowne vp;
And the moſt poore man, to be grieu'd with pooreneſſe,
Both being ſo eaſily borne by expert Actors.
The Stage and Actors are not ſo contemptfull,
As euery innouating Puritane,
And ignorant ſweater out of zealous enuie,
Would haue the world imagine. And beſides,
That all things haue beene likened to the mirth,
Vs'd vpon Stages, and for Stages fitted.
The ſplenatiue Philoſopher that euer
Laught at them all, were worthy the enſtaging:
All obiects, were they ne'er ſo full of teares,
He ſo conceited, that he could diſtill thence
Matter that ſtill fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a Lawyer, neuer ſo vehement pleading,
Hee ſtood and laught. Heard hee a Tradeſ-man ſwearing
Neuer ſo thriftily (ſelling of his wares;)
Hee ſtood and laught. Heard hee an holy brother,
For hollow oſtentation at his prayers
Ne'er ſo impetuouſly; hee ſtood and laught.
Saw hee a great man neuer ſo inſulting,
Seuerely inflicting, grauely giuing lawes,
Not for their good, but his; hee ſtood and laught.
Saw hee a youthfull widow
Neuer ſo weeping, wringing of her hands,
For her loſt Lord, ſtill the Philoſopher laught:
Now whether hee ſuppos'd all theſe preſentments,
Were onely maskeries, and wore falſe faces:
Or elſe were ſimply vaine, I take no care,
But ſtill hee laught, how graue ſoere they were.

Guiſe. And might right well (my Clermont) and for this
Vertuous digreſſion, wee vvill thanke the ſcoffes
Of vicious Monſieur. But now for the maine point

Of your late reſolution for reuenge
Of your ſlaine friend.

Cler. I haue here my Challenge,
Which I will pray my Brother Baligny
To beare the murtherous Earle.

Bal. I haue prepar'd
Meanes for acceſſe to him, through all his Guard.

Guiſe. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
And bring vs the ſucceſſe. *Bal.* I will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tamyra ſola.

Tamy. Reuenge, that euer red ſitt'ſt in the eyes
Of iniur'd Ladies, till we crowne thy browes
With bloudy Lawrell; and receiue from thee
Iuſtice for all our humors iniurie,
Whoſe wings none flye, that Wrath or Tyrannie
Haue ruthleſſe made, and bloudy. Enter here,
Enter, O enter: and, though length of time
Neuer lets any ſcape thy conſtant iuſtice,
Yet now preuent that length. Flye, flye, and here
Fixe thy ſteele foot-ſteps: Here, O here, where ſtill
Earth (mou'd with pittie) yeelded and embrac'd
My Loues faire figure, drawne in his deare bloud,
And mark'd the place, to ſhow thee where was done
The cruell'ſt murther that ere fled the Sunne.
O Earth! why keep'ſt thou not as well his ſpirit,
To giue his forme life? No, that was not earthly:
That (rarefying the thinne and yeelding ayre)
Flew ſparkling vp into the Sphære of fire,
Whence endleſſe flames it ſheds in my deſire:
Here be my daily pallet, here all nights
That can be wreſted from thy riuals armes;
(O my deare Buſſy) I will lye, and kiſſe
Spirit into thy bloud, or breathe out mine
In ſighes, and kiſſes, and ſad tunes to thine. *She ſings.*

Enter Mont ſur.

Mont. Still on this hant? Still ſhall adulterous bloud

Affect

Affect thy ſpirits? Thinke, for ſhame, but this,
This bloud that Cockatrice-like thus thou brood'ſt
To dry is to breede any quench to thine.
And therefore now (if onely for thy luſt
A little couer'd with a vaile of ſhame)
Looke out for freſh life, rather then witch-like,
Learne to kiſſe horror, and with death engender.
Strange croſſe in nature, pureſt virgine ſhame
Lies in the bloud, as luſt lyes; and together
Many times mixe too: and in none more ſhamefull
Then in the ſhamefac't. Who can then diſtinguiſh
Twixt their affections; or tell when hee meetes
With one not common? Yet, as worthieſt Poets
Shunne common and plebeian formes of ſpeech,
Euery illiberall and affected phraſe
To clothe their matter: and together tye
Matter and forme, with Art and decencie.
So worthieſt women ſhould ſhunne vulgar guiſes,
And though they cannot but flye out for change,
Yet modeſtie, the matter of their liues,
Be it adulterate, ſhould be painted true
With modeſt out-parts; what they ſhould doe ſtill
Grac'd with good ſhow, though deedes be ne'er ſo ill.

Tamy. That is ſo farre from all yee ſeeke of vs,
That (though your ſelues be common as the ayre)
We muſt not take the ayre, wee muſt not fit
Our actions to our owne affections:
But as Geometricians (you ſtill ſay)
Teach that no lines, nor ſuperficies,
Doe moue themſelues, but ſtill accompanie
The motions of their bodies; ſo poore wiues
Muſt not purſue, nor haue their owne affections,
But to their husbands earneſts, and their ieſts,
To their auſterities of lookes, and laughters,
(Though ne'er ſo fooliſh and iniurious)
Like Paraſites and ſlaues, fit their diſpoſures.

Mont. I vſde thee as my ſoule, to moue and rule me.

Tamy. So ſaid you, when you woo'd. So Souldiers tortur'd

With tedious ſieges of ſome wel-wall'd Towne,
Propound conditions of moſt large contents,
Freedome of Lawes, all former gouernment;
But hauing once ſet foote within the Wals,
And got the reynes of power into their hands,
Then doe they tyrannize at their owne rude ſwindges,
Seaze all their goods, their liberties, and liues,
And make aduantage, and their luſts, their lawes.

Monſ. But loue me, and performe a Wifes part yet,
(With all my loue before) I ſweare forgiueneſſe.

Tamy. Forgiueneſſe! that grace you ſhould ſeeke of mee:
Theſe tortur'd fingers, and theſe ſtab'd-through armes
Keepe that law in their vvounds yet, vnobſeru'd,
And euer ſhall. *Monſ.* Remember their deſerts.

Tam. Thoſe vvith faire warnings might haue beene reform'd,
Not theſe vnmanly rages. You haue heard
The fiction of the North winde and the Sunne,
Both vvorking on a Traueller, and contending
Which had moſt power to take his cloake from him:
Which when the Winde attempted, hee roar'd out
Outragious blaſts at him to force it off,
That vvrapt it cloſer on. When the calme Sunne
(The Winde once leauing) charg'd him vvith ſtill beames,
Quiet, and feruent, and therein was conſtant,
Which made him caſt off both his cloake and coate:
Like vvhom ſhould men doe. If yee vviſh your Wiues
Should leaue diſlik'd things, ſeeke it not vvith rage;
For that enrages: vvhat yee giue, yee haue:
But vſe calme warnings, and kinde manly meanes,
And that in Wiues moſt proſtitute will winne
Not onely ſure amends; but make vs Wiues
Better then thoſe that ne'er led faultie liues.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. My Lord.

Monſ. How now; vvould any ſpeake with me? *Soul.* I, Sir.

Monſ. Peruerſe, and traiterous miſcreant:
Where are your other fellowes of my Guard?

Haue

Haue I not told you, I will ſpeake with none,
But Lord Renel? *Sould.* And tis hee that ſtayes you.
Monſ. O, is it he? Tis well: attend him in.
I muſt be vigilant: the Furies haunt mee.
Doe you heare dame?

Enter Renel, with the Souldier.

Ren. Be true now, for your Ladies iniur'd ſake,
Whoſe bountie you haue ſo much cauſe to honour:
For her reſpect is chiefe in this deſigne,
And therefore ſerue it, call out of the vvay
All your confederate fellowes of his Guard,
Till Monſieur Baligny be enter'd here.
Sould. Vpon your honour, my Lord ſhall be free
From any hurt you ſay.
Ren. Free as my ſelfe. Watch then, and cleare his entrie.
Sould. I will not faile, my Lord. *Exit Souldier.*
Ren. God ſaue your Lordſhip.
Monſ. My nobleſt Lord *Renel!* paſt all men welcome.
Wife, vvelcome his Lordſhip. *Oſculatur.*
Ren. I much ioy in your returne here.
Tamy. You doe more then I.
Monſ. Shee's paſſionate ſtill, to thinke we euer parted,
By my too ſterne iniurious Ielouſie.
Ren. Tis well your Lordſhip will confeſſe your errour
In ſo good time yet. *Enter Baligny with a Challenge.*
Monſ. Death! Who haue wee here?
Ho! Guard! Villaines! *Bal.* Why exclaime you ſo.
Monſ. Negligent Trayters! Murther, murther, murther.
Bal. Ye'are mad. Had mine entent beene ſo, like yours,
It had beene done ere this.
Ren. Sir, your intent,
And action too, was rude to enter thus.
Bal. Y'are a decaid Lord to tell me of rudeneſſe,
As much decaid in manners as in meanes.
Ren. You talke of manners, that thus rudely thruſt
Vpon a man that's buſie with his Wife.
Bal. And kept your Lordſhip then the dore. *Ren.* The dore?

Monſ.

Mont. Sweet Lord forbeare. Show, ſhow your purpoſe ſir.
To moue ſuch bold feete into others roofes.
Bal. This is my purpoſe ſir, from Clermont D'Ambois
I bring this Challenge.
Mon. Challenge! Ile touch none. *Bal* Ile leaue it here then.
Ren. Thou ſhalt leaue thy life firſt. *Mont.* Murther, murther!
Ren. Retire my Lord; get off.
Hold, or thy death ſhall hold thee. Hence my Lord.
Bal. There lye the Chalenge. *They all fight and Bal. driues*
Ren. Was not this well handled? *in Mont. Exit Mont.*
Bal. Nobly my Lord. All thankes. *Exit Bal.*
Tamy. Ile make him reade it. *Exit Tamy.*
Ren. This was a ſleight well maskt. O what is man,
Vnleſſe he be a Politician! *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus ſecundi Scæna prima.

Henry, Baligny.

Hen. COme Baligny, we now are priuate: Say,
What ſeruice bring'ſt thou? make it ſhort; the Guiſe
(Whoſe friend thou ſeem'ſt) is now in Court, and neare,
And may obſerue vs.
Bal. This ſir, then in ſhort.
The faction of the Guiſe (with which my policie,
For ſeruice to your Highneſſe ſeemes to ioyne)
Growes ripe, and muſt be gather'd into hold;
Of which my Brother Clermont being a part
Exceeding capitall, deſerues to haue
A capitall eye on him. And (as you may
With beſt aduantage, and your ſpeedieſt charge,)
Command his apprehenſion: which (becauſe
The Court, you know, is ſtrong in his defence)
Wee muſt aske Country ſwindge and open fields.
And therefore I haue wrought him to goe downe

To Cambray with me (of which Gouernment
Your Highneſſe bountie made mee your Lieutenant)
Where when I haue him, I will leaue my houſe,
And faine ſome ſeruice out about the confines,
When in the meane time, if you pleaſe to giue
Command to my Lieutenant, by your Letters,
To traine him to ſome muſter, where he may
(Much to his honour) ſee for him, your forces
Put into Battaile; when hee comes, hee may
With ſome cloſe ſtratageme be apprehended:
For otherwiſe your whole powers there will faile
To worke his apprehenſion: and with that
My hand needes neuer be diſcern'd therein.

Hen. Thankes honeſt Baligny.

Bal. Your Highneſſe knowes
I will be honeſt; and betray for you
Brother and Father: for, I know (my Lord)
Treacherie for Kings is trueſt Loyaltie;
Nor is to beare the name of Treacherie,
But graue, deepe Policie. All acts that ſeeme
Ill in particular reſpects, are good.
As they reſpect your vniuerſall Rule.
As in the maine ſway of the vniuerſe
The ſupreame Rectors generall decrees,
To guard the mightie Globes of Earth and Heauen,
Since they make good that guard to preſeruation
Of both thoſe in their order and firſt end,
No mans particular (as hee thinkes) wrong
Muſt hold him wrong'd: no, not though all mens reaſons,
All Law, all conſcience, concludes it wrong.
Nor is compariſon a flatterer
To liken you here to the King of kings;
Nor any mans particular offence
Againſt the worlds ſway; to offence at yours
In any ſubiect; who as little may
Grudge at their particular wrong; if ſo it ſeeme
For th'vniuerſall right of your eſtate.
As (being a Subiect of the Worlds whole ſway

As well as yours; and being a righteous man
To whom Heauen promiſes defence, and bleſſing,
Brought to decay, diſgrace, and quite defenceleſſe)
Hee may complaine of Heauen for wrong to him.

Hen. Tis true: the Simile at all parts holds,
As all good Subiects hold, that loue our fauour.

Bal. Which is our Heauen here; and a miſerie
Incomparable, and moſt truely Helliſh
To liue depriu'd of our Kings grace and countenance,
Without which beſt conditions are moſt curſed:
Life of that nature, howſoeuer ſhort,
Is a moſt lingering, and tedious life;
Or rather no life, but a languiſhing,
And an abuſe of life.

Hen. Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amiſſe to yeeld your Highneſſe
A reaſon of my ſpeeches; leſt perhaps
You might conceiue I flatter'd: which (I know)
Of all ills vnder heauen you moſt abhorre.

Hen. Still thou art right, my vertuous Baligny,
For which I thanke and loue thee. Thy aduiſe
Ile not forget: Haſte to thy Gouernment,
And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell. *Exit.*

Bal. Your Maieſtie fare euer like it ſelfe.

Enter Guiſe.

Guiſe. My ſure Friend Baligny!

Bal. Nobleſt of Princes!

Guiſe. How ſtands the State of Cambray?

Bal. Strong, my Lord,
And fit for ſeruice: for whoſe readineſſe
Your creature Clermont D'Ambois, and my ſelfe
Ride ſhortly downe.

Guiſe. That Clermont is my loue;
France neuer bred a nobler Gentleman
For all parts: he exceedes his Brother Buſſy.

Bal. I, my Lord?

Guiſe. Farre: becauſe (beſides his valour)

Hee hath the crowne of man, and all his parts,
Which Learning is; and that ſo true and vertuous,
That it giues power to doe, as well as ſay
What euer fits a moſt accompliſht man;
Which Buſſy, for his valours ſeaſon, lackt;
And ſo was rapt with outrage oftentimes
Beyond Decorum; where this abſolute Clermont,
Though (onely for his naturall zeale to right)
Hee will be fiery, when hee ſees it croſt;
And in defence of it; yet when he liſts
Hee can containe that fire, as hid in Embers.

Bal. No queſtion, hee's a true, learn'd, Gentleman.

Guiſe. He is as true as Tides, or any Starre
Is in his motion: And for his rare learning,
Hee is not (as all elſe are that ſeeke knowledge)
Of taſte ſo much deprau'd, that they had rather
Delight, and ſatisfie themſelues to drinke
Of the ſtreame troubled, wandring ne'er ſo farre
From the cleare fount, then of the fount it ſelfe.
In all; Romes Brutus is reuiu'd in him,
Whom hee of induſtry doth imitate.
Or rather, as great Troys Euphorbus was
After Pithagoras; ſo is Brutus, Clermont.
And (were not Brutus a Conſpirator)

Bal. Conſpirator, my Lord? Doth that empaire him?
Cæſar beganne to tyrannize; and when vertue,
Nor the religion of the Gods could ſerue
To curbe the inſolence of his proud Lawes,
Brutus would be the Gods iuſt inſtrument.
What ſaid the Princeſſe (ſweet Antigone)
In the graue Greeke Tragedian, when the queſtion
Twixt her and Creon is, for lawes of Kings?
Which when he vrges, ſhee replies on him;
Though his Lawes were a Kings, they were not Gods;
Nor would ſhee value Creons written Lawes
With Gods vnwrit Edicts: ſince they laſt not
This day and the next, but euery day and euer;
Where Kings Lawes alter euery day and houre,

And in that change imply a bounded power.
Guise. Well, let vs leaue these vaine disputings what
Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
When are you for your Gouernment in Cambray?
Bal. When you command, my Lord.
Guise. Nay, that's not fit.
Continue your designements with the King,
With all your seruice; onely if I send
Respect me as your friend, and loue my Clermont.
Bal. Your Highnesse knowes my vowes.
Guise. I, tis enough. *Exit Guise. Manet Bal.*
Bal. Thus must wee play on both sides, and thus harten
In any ill those men whose good wee hate.
Kings may doe what they list: and for Kings, Subiects,
Eyther exempt from censure or exception:
For, as no mans worth can be iustly iudg'd
But when he shines in some authoritie;
So no authoritie should suffer censure
But by a man of more authoritie.
Great vessels into lesse are emptied neuer,
There's a redoundance past their continent euer.
These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures;
For looke how Spinners weaue out of themselues
Webs, whose strange matter none before can see;
So these, out of an vnseene good in vertue,
Make arguments of right, and comfort, in her,
That clothe them like the poore web of a Spinner.

μηχανου
ε παντ@,
&c.
npossibile est
iri cognoscere
entem ac vo-
ntatem, pri-
quam in Ma-
stratibus appa-
.
pho Antig.

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Now, to my Challenge. What's the place, the weapon?
Bal. Soft sir: let first your Challenge be receiued.
Hee would not touch, nor see it.
Cler. Possible!
How did you then?
Bal. Left it, in his despight.
But when hee saw mee enter so expectlesse,
To heare his base exclaimes of murther, murther,
Made me thinke Noblesse lost, in him quicke buried.

Cler.

Cler. They are the breathing Sepulchres of Nobleſſe:
No trulier noble men, then Lions pictures
Hung vp for ſignes, are Lions. Who knowes not,
That Lyons the more ſoft kept, are more ſeruile?
And looke how Lyons cloſe kept, fed by hand,
Loſe quite th'innatiue fire of ſpirit and greatneſſe
That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey;
And grow ſo groſſe, that maſtifes, curs, and mungrils
Haue ſpirit to cow them: So our ſoft French Nobles
Chain'd vp in eaſe and numbd ſecuritie,
Their ſpirits ſhrunke vp like their couetous fiſts,
And neuer opened but Domitian-like,
And all his baſe obſequious minions
When they were catching, though it were but flyes.
Beſotted with their pezzants loue of gaine,
Ruſting at home, and on each other preying,
Are for their greatneſſe but the greater ſlaues,
And none is noble but who ſcrapes and ſaues.

Quo molliùs degunt, eo ſeruilius. Epiſt.

Bal. Tis baſe, tis baſe; and yet they thinke them high.

Cler. So Children mounted on their hobby-horſe,
Thinke they are riding, when with wanton toile
They beare what ſhould beare them. A man may well
Compare them to thoſe fooliſh great-ſpleen'd Cammels,
That to their high heads, beg'd of Ioue hornes higher;
Whoſe moſt vncomely, and ridiculous pride
When hee had ſatisfied, they could not vſe,
But where they went vpright before, they ſtoopt,
And bore their heads much lower for their hornes.
As theſe high men doe, low in all true grace,
Their height being priuiledge to all things baſe.
And as the fooliſh Poet that ſtill writ
All his moſt ſelfe-lou'd verſe in paper royall,
Or Partchment rul'd with Lead, ſmooth'd with the Pumice;
Bound richly vp, and ſtrung with Crimſon ſtrings;
Neuer ſo bleſt as when hee writ and read
The Ape-lou'd iſſue of his braine; and neuer
But ioying in himſelfe; admiring euer:
Yet in his workes behold him, and hee ſhow'd

Simil.

Like to a ditcher. So theſe painted men,
All ſet on out-ſide, looke vpon within,
And not a pezzants entrailes you ſhall finde
More foule and mezel'd, nor more ſteru'd of minde.
Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I faine would know
How many millions of our other Nobles
Would make one Guiſe. There is a true tenth Worthy,
Who (did not one act onely blemiſh him.)
Cler. One act? what one?
Bal. One, that (though yeeres paſt done)
Stickes by him ſtill, and will diſtaine him euer.
Cler. Good Heauen! wherein? what one act can you name
Suppos'd his ſtaine, that Ile not proue his luſter?
Bal. To ſatisfie you, twas the Maſſacre.
Cler. The Maſſacre? I thought twas ſome ſuch blemiſh.
Bal. O it was hainous.
Cler. To a brutiſh ſenſe,
But not a manly reaſon. Wee ſo tender
The vile part in vs, that the part diuine
We ſee in hell, and ſhrinke not. Who was firſt
Head of that Maſſacre?
Bal. The Guiſe.
Cler. Tis nothing ſo.
Who was in fault for all the ſlaughters made
In Ilion, and about it? Were the Greekes?
Was it not Paris rauiſhing the Queene
Of Lacædemon? Breach of ſhame and faith?
And all the lawes of Hoſpitalitie?
This is the Beaſtly ſlaughter made of men,
When Truth is ouer-throwne, his Lawes corrupted;
When ſoules are ſmother'd in the flatter'd fleſh,
Slaine bodies are no more then Oxen ſlaine.
Bal. Differ not men from Oxen?
Cler. Who ſayes ſo?
But ſee wherein; In the vnderſtanding rules
Of their opinions, liues, and actions;
In their communities of faith and reaſon.
Was not the Wolfe that nouriſht *Romulus*

More humane then the men that did expoſe him ?
Bal. That makes againſt you.
Cler. Not ſir, if you note
That by that deede, the actions difference make
Twixt men and beaſts, and not their names nor formes.
Had faith, nor ſhame, all hoſpitable rights
Beene broke by Troy, Greece had not made that ſlaughter.
Had that beene ſau'd (ſayes a Philoſopher)
The Iliads and Odyſſes had beene loſt,
Had Faith and true Religion beene prefer'd,
Religious Guiſe had neuer maſſacerd,
Bal. Well ſir, I cannot when I meete with you
But thus digreſſe a little, for my learning,
From any other buſineſſe I entend.
But now the voyage, we reſolu'd for Cambray,
I told the Guiſe beginnes; and wee muſt haſte.
And till the Lord *Renel* hath found ſome meane
(Conſpiring with the Counteſſe) to make ſure
Your ſworne wreake on her Husband (though this fail'd)
In my ſo braue Command, wee'll ſpend the time,
Sometimes in training out in Skirmiſhes,
And Battailes, all our Troopes and Companies;
And ſometimes breathe your braue Scotch running horſe,
That great Guiſe gaue you, that all th'horſe in France
Farre ouer-runnes at euery race and hunting
Both of the Hare and Deere. You ſhall be honor'd
Like the great Guiſe himſelfe, aboue the King.
And (can you but appeaſe your great-ſpleen'd Siſter,
For our delaid wreake of your Brothers ſlaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.
Cler. Ile ſee my Lord the Guiſe againe before
Wee take our iourney.
Bal. O ſir, by all meanes,
You cannot be too carefull of his loue,
That euer takes occaſion to be raiſing
Your virtues, paſt the reaches of this age,
And rankes you with the beſt of th'ancient Romanes.
Cler. That praiſe at no part moues mee, but the worth

Of all hee can giue others ſpher'd in him.
Bal. Hee yet is thought to entertaine ſtrange aymes.
Cler. He may be well; yet not as you thinke ſtrange.
His ſtrange Aymes are to croſſe the common Cuſtome
Of Seruile Nobles; in which hee's ſo rauiſht,
That quite the Earth he leaues, and vp hee leapes,
On Atlas ſhoulders, and from thence lookes downe,
Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe:
Rich, poore of reaſon, wander; All pale looking,
And trembling but to thinke of their ſure deaths,
Their liues ſo baſe are, and ſo rancke their breaths.
Which I teach Guiſe to heighten, and make ſweet
With lifes deare odors, a good minde and name;
For which, hee onely loues me, and deſerues
My loue and life, which through all deaths I vow:
Reſoluing this, (what euer change can be)
Thou haſt created, thou haſt ruinde mee. *Exit.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

A march of Captaines ouer the Stage.

Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.

Mail. THeſe Troopes and companies come in with wings:
So many men, ſo arm'd, ſo gallant Horſe,
I thinke no other Gouernment in France
So ſoone could bring together. With ſuch men
Me thinkes a man might paſſe th'inſulting Pillars
Of Bacchus and Alcides.
Chal. I much wonder
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother downe
To feaſt and honour him, and yet now leaues him
At ſuch an inſtance.
Mail. Twas the Kings Command:
For whom he muſt leaue Brother, Wife, friend, all things.

Aum.

Aum. The confines of his Gouernment, whose view
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede
Of no such sodaine expedition.
Mail. Wee must not argue that. The Kings Command
Is neede and right enough: and that he serues,
(As all true Subiects should) without disputing.
Chal. But knowes not hee of your Command to take
His Brother Clermont?
Mail. No: the Kings will is
Expressely to conceale his apprehension
From my Lord Gouernour. Obseru'd yee not?
Againe peruse the Letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and haue right and trust
In all the waightie secrets like my selfe.
Aum. Tis strange a man that had, through his life past,
So sure a foote in vertue and true knowledge,
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found tripping,
And taken vp thus, so to make his fall
More steepe and head-long.
Mail. It is Vertues fortune,
To keepe her low, and in her proper place.
Height hath no roome for her: But as a man
That hath a fruitfull wife, and euery yeere
A childe by her, hath euery yeere a month,
To breathe himselfe: where hee that gets no childe
Hath not a nights rest (if he will doe well.)
So, let one marry this same barraine Vertue,
She neuer lets him rest: where fruitfull vice
Spares her rich drudge, giues him in labour breath;
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.
Chal. I see that good liues neuer can secure
Men from bad liuers. Worst men will haue best
As ill as they, or heauen to hell they'll wrest.
Aum. There was a merit for this, in the fault
That Bussy made; for which he (doing pennance)
Proues that these foule adulterous guilts will runne
Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare can shunne.
Mail. Ile therefore take heede of the bastarding

Of all hee can giue others spher'd in him.
Bal. Hee yet is thought to entertaine strange aymes.
Cler. He may be well; yet not as you thinke strange.
His strange Aymes are to crosse the common Custome
Of Seruile Nobles; in which hee's so rauisht,
That quite the Earth he leaues, and vp hee leapes,
On Atlas shoulders, and from thence lookes downe,
Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe:
Rich, poore of reason, wander; All pale looking,
And trembling but to thinke of their sure deaths,
Their liues so base are, and so rancke their breaths.
Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet
With lifes deare odors, a good minde and name;
For which, hee onely loues me, and deserues
My loue and life, which through all deaths I vow:
Resoluing this, (what euer change can be)
Thou hast created, thou hast ruinde mee. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

A march of Captaines ouer the Stage.

Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.

Mail. THese Troopes and companies come in with wings:
So many men, so arm'd, so gallant Horse,
I thinke no other Gouernment in France
So soone could bring together. With such men
Me thinkes a man might passe th'insulting Pillars
Of Bacchus and Alcides.
Chal. I much wonder
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother downe
To feast and honour him, and yet now leaues him
At such an instance.
Mail. Twas the Kings Command:
For whom he must leaue Brother, Wife, friend, all things.

Aum.

Aum. The confines of his Gouernment, whose view
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede
Of no such sodaine expedition.
Mail. Wee must not argue that. The Kings Command
Is neede and right enough: and that he serues,
(As all true Subiects should) without disputing.
Chal. But knowes not hee of your Command to take
His Brother Clermont?
Mail. No: the Kings will is
Expressely to conceale his apprehension
From my Lord Gouernour. Obseru'd yee not?
Againe peruse the Letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and haue right and trust
In all the waightie secrets like my selfe.
Aum. Tis strange a man that had, through his life past,
So sure a foote in vertue and true knowledge,
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found tripping,
And taken vp thus, so to make his fall
More steepe and head-long.
Mail. It is Vertues fortune,
To keepe her low, and in her proper place.
Height hath no roome for her: But as a man
That hath a fruitfull wife, and euery yeere
A childe by her, hath euery yeere a month,
To breathe himselfe: where hee that gets no childe
Hath not a nights rest (if he will doe well.)
So, let one marry this same barraine Vertue,
She neuer lets him rest: where fruitfull vice
Spares her rich drudge, giues him in labour breath;
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.
Chal. I see that good liues neuer can secure
Men from bad liuers. Worst men will haue best
As ill as they, or heauen to hell they'll wrest.
Aum. There was a merit for this, in the fault
That Bussy made; for which he (doing pennance)
Proues that these foule adulterous guilts will runne
Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare can shunne.
Mail. Ile therefore take heede of the bastarding

Whole innocent races; tis a fearefull thing.
And as I am true Batcheler, I ſweare,
To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)
Vnleſſe it be mine owne wife or my friends.
I may make bold with him.

Aum. Tis ſafe and common.
The more your friend dares truſt, the more deceiue him.
And as through dewie vapors the Sunnes forme
Makes the gay Rainebow, girdle to a ſtorme,
So in hearts hollow, Friendſhip (euen the Sunne
To all good growing in ſocietie)
Makes his ſo glorious and diuine name hold
Colliours for all the ill that can be told.

Mail. Harke, our laſt Troopes are come. *Trumpets within.*

Chal. Harke, our laſt foote. *Drums beate.*

Mail. Come, let vs put all quickly into battaile,
And ſend for Clermont, in whoſe honour, all
This martiall preparation wee pretend.

Chal. Wee muſt bethinke vs ere wee apprehend him,
(Beſides our maine ſtrength) of ſome ſtratageme
To make good our ſeuere Command on him;
As well to ſaue bloud, as to make him ſure:
For if hee come on his Scotch horſe, all France
Put at the heeles of him, will faile to take him.

Mail. What thinke you if wee ſhould diſguiſe a brace
Of our beſt Souldiers in faire Lackies coates,
And ſend them for him, running by his ſide,
Till they haue brought him in ſome ambuſcado
We cloſe may lodge for him; and ſodainely
Lay ſure hand on him, plucking him from horſe.

Aum. It muſt be ſure and ſtrong hand: for if once
Hee feeles the touch of ſuch a ſtratageme,
Tis not the choiſeſt brace of all our Bands
Can manacle, or quench his fiery hands.

Mail. When they haue ſeaz'd him, the ambuſh ſhal make in.

Aum. Doe as you pleaſe; his blameleſſe ſpirit deſerues
(I dare engage my life) of all this, nothing.

Chal. Why ſhould all this feare be then?

Aum.

Aum. Who knowes not
The bumbast politie thrusts into his Gyant,
To make his wisedome seeme of size as huge,
And all for sleight encounter of a shade,
So hee be toucht, hee would haue hainous made?
Mail. It may be once so; but so euer, neuer;
Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horse;
Faction chokes euery corner, streete, the Court,
Whose faction tis you know: and who is held
The fautors right hand: how high his aymes reach,
Nought but a Crowne can measure. This must fall
Past shadowes waights; and is most capitall.
Chal. No question; for since hee is come to Cambray
The malecontent, decaid Marquesse Renel,
Is come, and new arriu'd; and made partaker
Of all the entertaining Showes and Feasts
That welcom'd Clermont to the braue Virago
His manly Sister. Such wee are esteem'd
As are our consorts. Marquesse malecontent
Comes where hee knowes his vaine hath fatest vent.
Mail. Let him come at his will, and goe as free,
Let vs ply Clermont, our whole charge is hee. *Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman Vsher before Clermont: Renel, Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others: Showes having past within.

Char. This for your Lordships welcome into Cambray.
Ren. Noblest of Ladies, tis beyond all power
(Were my estate at first full) in my meanes
To quit or merit.
Cler. You come something latter
From Court my Lord then I: And since newes there
Is euery day encreasing with th'affaires,
Must I not aske now, what the newes is there?
Where the Court lyes? what stirre? change? what auise
From England, Italie.
Ren. You must doe so,
If you'll be cald a Gentleman well quallified,

And weare your time and wits in thoſe diſcourſes.

Cler. The Locrian Princes therefore were braue Rubers;
For whoſoeuer there came new from Countrie,
And in the Citie askt, what newes? was puniſht:
Since commonly ſuch braines are moſt delighted
With innouations, Goſſips tales, and miſchiefes:
But as of Lyons it is ſaid and Eagles,
That when they goe, they draw their ſeeres and tallons
Cloſe vp, to ſhunne rebating of their ſharpneſſe:
So our wits ſharpneſſe, which wee ſhould employ
In nobleſt knowledge, wee ſhould neuer waſte
In vile and vulgar admirations.

Ren. Tis right: but who, ſaue onely you, performes it,
And your great brother? Madame, where is hę?

Char. Gone a day ſince, into the Countries confines,
To ſee their ſtrength, and readineſſe for ſeruice.

Ren. Tis well: his fauour with the King hath made him
Moſt worthily great, and liue right royally.

Cler. I: Would hee would not doe ſo. Honour neuer
Should be eſteem'd with wiſe men, as the price
And value of their virtuous Seruices,
But as their ſigne or Badge: for that bewrayes
More glory in the outward grace of goodneſſe,
Then in the good it ſelfe; and then tis ſaid:
Who more ioy takes, that men his good aduance,
Then in the good it ſelfe, does it by chance.

Char. My brother ſpeakes all principle; what man
Is mou'd with your ſoule? or hath ſuch a thought
In any rate of goodneſſe?

Cler. Tis their fault.
We haue examples of it, cleare and many.
Demetrius Phalerius, an Orator,
And (which not oft meete) a Philoſopher,
So great in Athens grew, that he erected
Three hundred Statues of him; of all which,
No ruſt, nor length of time corrupted one;
But in his life time, all were ouerthrowne.
And Demades (that paſt Demoſthenes

For all extemporall Orations)
Erected many Statues, which (he liuing)
Were broke, and melted into Chamber-pots.
Many ſuch ends haue fallen on ſuch proud honours,
No more becauſe the men on whom they fell
Grew inſolent, and left their vertues ſtate;
Then for their hugeneſſe, that procur'd their hate:
And therefore little pompe in men moſt great,
Makes mightily and ſtrongly to the guard
Of what they winne by chance, or iuſt reward.
Great and immodeſt braueries againe,
Like Statues, much too high made for their baſes,
Are ouerturn'd as ſoone, as giuen their places.

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter.

Meſſen. Here is a Letter ſir deliuer'd mee,
Now at the fore-gate by a Gentleman.
Cler. What Gentleman?
Meſſ. Hee would not tell his name;
Hee ſaid, hee had not time enough to tell it,
And ſay the little reſt hee had to ſay.
Cler. That was a merry ſaying; he tooke meaſure
Of his deare time like a moſt thriftie husband.
Char. What newes?
Cler. Strange ones, and fit for a Nouation;
Waightie, vnheard of, miſchieuous enough.
Ren. Heauen ſhield: what are they?
Cler. Read them, good my Lord.
Ren. You are betraid into this Countrie. Monſtrous!
Char. How's that?
Cler. Read on.
Ren. Maillard, you brothers Leiutenant, that yeſterday inuited you to ſee his Muſters; hath Letters and ſtrickt Charge from the King to apprehend you.
Char. To apprehend him?
Ren. Your Brother abſents himſelfe of purpoſe.
Cler. That's a ſound one.
Char. That's a lye.

Ren. Get on your Scotch horse, and retire to your strength;
you know where it is, and there it expects you: Beleeue this
as your best friend had sworne it. Fare-well if you will. Ano-
nymos. What's that?

Cler. Without a name.

Charl. And all his notice too, without all truth.

Cler. So I conceiue it Sister: ile not wrong
My well knowne Brother for Anonymos,

Charl. Some foole hath put this tricke on you, yet more
T'vncouer your defect of spirit and valour.
First showne in lingring my deare Brothers wreake.
See what it is to giue the enuious World
Aduantage to diminish eminent virtue.
Send him a Challenge? Take a noble course
To wreake a murther, done so like a villaine?

Cler. Shall we reuenge a villanie with villanie?

Char. Is it not equall?

Cler. Shall wee equall be
With villaines?
Is that your reason?

Char. Cowardise euermore
Flyes to the shield of Reason.

Cler. Nought that is
Approu'd by Reason, can be Cowardise.

Charl. Dispute when you should fight. Wrong wreakelesse
Makes men dye honorlesse: One borne, another (sleeping,
Leapes on our shoulders.

Cler. Wee must wreake our wrongs
So, as wee take not more.

Char. One wreakt in time
Preuents all other. Then shines vertue most
When time is found for facts; and found, not lost.

Cler. No time occurres to Kings, much lesse to Vertue;
Nor can we call it Vertue that proceedes
From vicious Fury. I repent that euer
(By any instigation in th'appearance
My Brothers spirit made, as I imagin'd)
That e'er I yeelded to reuenge his murther.

All

All worthy men ſhould euer bring their bloud
To beare all ill, not to be wreakt with good:
Doe ill for no ill: Neuer priuate cauſe
Should take on it the part of publike Lawes.
Char. A D'Ambois beare in wrong ſo tame a ſpirit!
Ren. Madame, be ſure there will be time enough
For all the vengeance your great ſpirit can wiſh.
The courſe yet taken is allow'd by all,
Which being noble, and refus'd by th'Earle,
Now makes him worthy of your worſt aduantage:
And I haue caſt a proiect with the Counteſſe
To watch a time when all his warieſt Guards
Shall not exempt him. Therefore giue him breath;
Sure Death delaid is a redoubled Death.
Char. Good Siſter trouble not your ſelfe with this:
Take other Ladyes care; practiſe your face.
There's the chaſte Matron, Madame Perigot,
Dwels not farre hence, Ile ride and ſend her to you,
Shee did liue by retailing mayden-heads
In her minoritie: but now ſhee deales
In whole-ſale altogether for the Court.
I tell you, ſhee's the onely faſhion-monger,
For your complexion, poudring of your haire,
Shadowes, Rebatoes, Wires, Tyres, and ſuch trickes,
That Cambray, or I thinke, the Court affords:
She ſhall attend you Siſter, and with theſe
Womanly practiſes emply your ſpirit;
This other ſuites you not, nor fits the faſhion.
Though ſhee be deare, lay't on, ſpare for no coſt,
Ladies in theſe haue all their bounties loſt.
Ren. Madame, you ſee, his ſpirit will not checke
At any ſingle danger; when it ſtands
Thus merrily firme againſt an hoſt of men,
Threaten'd to be armes for his ſurpriſe.
Char. That's a meere Bugge-beare, an impoſſible mocke.
If hee, and him I bound by nuptiall faith
Had not beene dull and droſſie in performing
Wreake of the deare bloud of my matchleſſe Brother,

What

What Prince? what King? which of the deſperat'ſt Ruffings,
Outlawes in Acden, durſt haue tempted thus
One of our bloud and name, be't true or falſe.
Cler. This is not caus'd by that: twill be as ſure
As yet it is not, though this ſhould be true.
Char. True? tis paſt thought falſe.
Cler. I ſuppoſe the worſt,
Which farre I am from thinking; and deſpiſe
The Armie now in battaile that ſhould act it.
Cler. I would not let my bloud vp to that thought,
But it ſhould coſt the deareſt bloud in France.
Cler. Sweet Siſter, [*oſculatur*] farre be both off as the fact
Of my fain'd apprehenſion.
Char. I Would once
Strip off my ſhame with my attire, and trie
If a poore woman, votiſt of reuenge
Would not performe it, with a preſident
To all you bungling foggy-ſpirited men;
But for our birth-rights honour, doe not mention
One ſyllable of any word may goe
To the begetting of an act ſo tender,
And full of ſulphure as this Letters truth:
It comprehends ſo blacke a circumſtance
Not to be nam'd; that but to forme one thought,
It is, or can be ſo; would make me mad:
Come my Lord, you and I will fight this dreame
Out at the Cheſſe.
Ren. Moſt gladly, worthieſt Ladie. *Exit Char. and Ren.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, my Lord Gouernours Lieutenant prayes
Acceſſe to you.
Cler. Himſelfe alone?
Meſſ. Alone, ſir.
Cler. Attend him in. [*Exit Meſſ.*] Now comes this plot to (tryall,
I ſhall deſcerne (if it be true as rare)
Some ſparkes will flye from his diſſembling eyes.
Ile ſound his depth.

Enter

Enter Maillard with the Messenger.

Maill. Honour, and all things noble.
Cler. As much to you good Captaine. What's th'affaire.
Mail. Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all
Your studyed welcome to this martiall place,
In presentation of what strength consists
My Lord your Brothers Gouernment is readie.
I haue made all his Troopes and Companies
Aduance, and put themselues randg'd in Battailia,
That you may see, both how well arm'd they are;
How strong is euery Troope and Companie;
How ready, and how well prepar'd for seruice,
Cler. And must they take mee?
Mail. Take you, sir? O Heauen!
Mess. Beleeue it sir, his count'nance chang'd in turning.
Mail. What doe you meane sir?
Cler. If you haue charg'd them,
You being charg'd your selfe, to apprehend mee,
Turne not your face: throw not your lookes about so.
Mail. Pardon me sir. You amaze me to conceiue
From whence our wils to honour you, should turne
To such dishonour of my Lord your Brother.
Dare I, without him, vndertake your taking?
Cler. Why not? by your direct charge from the King?
Mail. By my charge from the King? would he so much
Disgrace my Lord, his owne Lieutenant here,
To giue me his Command without his forfaite?
Cler. Acts that are done by Kings, are not askt why.
Ile not dispute the case, but I will search you.
Mail. Search mee? for what?
Cler. For Letters.
Mail. I beseech you,
Doe not admit one thought of such a shame
To a Commander.
Cler. Goe to: I must doo't.
Stand and be searcht; you know mee.
Mail. You forget

What tis to be a Captaine, and your ſelfe.

Cler. Stand, or I vow to heauen, Ile make you lie
Neuer to riſe more.

Mail. If a man be mad
Reaſon muſt beare him.

Cler. So coy to be ſearcht?

Mail. Sdeath ſir, vſe a Captaine like a Carrier.

Cler. Come, be not furious; when I haue done
You ſhall make ſuch a Carrier of me
If 't be your pleaſure: you're my friend I know,
And ſo am bold with you.

Mail. You'll nothing finde
Where nothing is.

Cler. Sweare you haue nothing.

Mail. Nothing you ſeeke, I ſweare, I beſeech you,
Know I deſir'd this out of great affection,
To th'end my Lord may know out of your witneſſe,
His Forces are not in ſo bad eſtate
As hee eſteem'd them lately in your hearing:
For which he would not truſt me with the Confines;
But went himſelfe to witneſſe their eſtate.

Cler. I heard him make that reaſon, and am ſorie
I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you; ſince tis ſuch Ruberb to you.
Ile therefore ſearch no more. If you are charg'd
(By Letters from the King, or otherwiſe)
To apprehend me; neuer ſpice it more
With forc'd tearmes of your loue, but ſay: I yeeld;
Holde; take my ſword; here; I forgiue thee freely;
Take; doe thine office.

Mail. Sfoote, you make m'a hang-man:
By all my faith to you, there's no ſuch thing.

Cler. Your faith to mee?

Mail. My faith to God: All's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

Cler. In that ſenſe I accept your othe, and thanke you.
I gaue my word to goe, and I will goe. *Exit Cler.*

Mail. Ile watch you whither. *Exit Mail.*

Meſſ.

Meſſ. If hee goes, hee proues
How vaine are mens fore knowledges of things,
When heauen ſtrikes blinde their powers of note and vſe;
And makes their way to ruine ſeeme more right,
Then that which ſafetie opens to their ſight.
Caſſandra's prophecie had no more profit
With Troyes blinde Citizens, when ſhee fore-tolde
Troyes ruine: which ſucceeding, made her vſe
This ſacred Inclamation; God (ſaid ſhee)
Would haue me vtter things vncredited:
For which now they approue what I preſag'd;
They count me wiſe, that ſaid before I rag'd.

Enter Challon with two Souldiers.

Chal. Come Souldiers: you are downe-wards fit for lackies;
Giue me your Pieces, and take you theſe Coates,
To make you compleate foot-men: in whoſe formes
You muſt be compleate Souldiers: you two onely
Stand for our Armie.

1 That were much.

Chal. Tis true,
You two muſt doe, or enter, what our Armie
Is now in field for.

2 I ſee then our guerdon
Muſt be the deede it ſelfe, twill be ſuch honour:

Chal. What fight Souldiers moſt for?

1 Honour onely.

Chal. Yet here are crownes beſide.

Ambo. We thanke you Captaine.

2 Now ſir, how ſhow wee?

Chal. As you ſhould at all parts.
Goe now to Clermont D'Ambois, and informe him,
Two Battailes are ſet ready in his honour,
And ſtay his preſence onely for their ſignall,
When they ſhall ioyne: and that t'attend him hither,
Like one wee ſo much honour, wee haue ſent him

1 Vs two in perſon.

Chal. Well ſir, ſay it ſo.

And hauing brought him to the field, when I
Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
Of one side of his horse, and plucke him downe,
And I with th'ambush laid, will second you.

1 Nay, we shall lay on hands of too much strength
To neede your secondings.

2 I hope, we shall.
Two are enough to encounter Hercules.

Chal. Tis well said worthy Souldiers: hast, and hast him.

Enter Clermont, Maillard close following him.

Cler. My Scotch horse to their Armie.

Mail. Please you sir?

Cler. Sdeath you're passing diligent.

Mail. Of my soule
Tis onely in my loue to honour you
With what would grace the King: but since I see
You still sustaine a iealous eye on mee,
Ile goe before.

Cler. Tis well; Ile come; my hand.

Mail. Your hand sir? Come, your word, your choise be vs'd.
Exit.

Clermont solus.

Cler. I had an auersation to this voyage.
When first my Brother mou'd it; and haue found
That natiue power in me was neuer vaine;
Yet now neglected it. I wonder much
At my inconstancie in these decrees,
I eu ry houre set downe to guide my life.
When Homer made Achilles passionate,
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and insatiate
In his affections; what man will denie,
He did compose it all of industrie,
To let men see, that men of most renowne,
Strong'st, noblest, fairest, if they set not downe
Decrees within them, for disposing these,
Of Iudgement, Resolution, Vprightnesse,
And certaine knowledge, of their vse and ends

Miſhap and miſerie no leſſe extends
To their deſtruction; with all that they pris'd,
Then to the pooreſt, and the moſt deſpis'd.

Enter Renel.

Ren. Why, how now friend? retir'd? take heede you proue not
Diſmaid with this ſtrange fortune: all obſerue you.
Your gouernment's as much markt as the Kings.
What ſaid a friend to Pompey?

Cler. What?

Ren. The people
Will neuer know, vnleſſe in death thou trie,
That thou know'ſt how to beare aduerſitie.

Cler. I ſhall approue how vile I value feare
Of death at all times: but to be too raſh,
Without both will and care to ſhunne the worſt,
(It being in power to doe, well and with cheere)
Is ſtupid negligence, and worſe then feare.

Ren. Suppoſe this true now.

Cler. No, I cannot doo't.
My ſiſter truely ſaid; there hung a taile
Of circumſtance ſo blacke on that ſuppoſure,
That to ſuſtaine it thus, abhorr'd our mettall.
And I can ſhunne it too, in ſpight of all:
Not going to field: and there to, being ſo mounted
As I will, ſince I goe.

Ren. You will then goe?

Cler. I am engag'd both in my word, and hand;
But this is it, that makes me thus retir'd,
To call my ſelfe t'account, how this affaire
Is to be manag'd if the worſt ſhould chance:
With which I note, how dangerous it is,
For any man to preaſe beyond the place,
To which his birth, or meanes, or knowledge ties him;
For my part, though of noble birth my birth-right
Had little left it, and I know tis better
To liue with little; and to keepe within
A mans owne ſtrength ſtill, and in mans true end,

Then runne a mixt courſe. Good and bad hold neuer
Any thing common: you can neuer finde
Things outward care, but you neglect your minde.
God hath the whole world perfect made and free;
His parts to th'vſe of th'all; men then that are
Parts of that all, muſt as the generall ſway
Of that importeth, willingly obay
In euery thing without their power to change.
Hee that vnpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
And ſo reſiſting th'All, is cruſht with it.
But he that knowing how diuine a Frame
The whole world is: and of it all, can name
(Without ſelfe-flatterie) no part ſo diuine,
As hee himſelfe; and therefore will confine
Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,
Goes on moſt God-like. Hee that ſtriues t'inuert
The Vniuerſals courſe with his poore way,
Not onely duſt-like ſhiuers with the ſway,
But croſſing God in his great worke; all earth
Beares not ſo curſed, and ſo damn'd a birth.

Ren. Goe, on; Ile take no care what comes of you;
Heauen will not ſee it ill, how ere it ſhow:
But the pretext to ſee theſe Battailes rang'd
Is much your honour.

Cler. As the world eſteemes it.
But to decide that; you make me remember
An accident of high and noble note,
And fits the ſubiect of my late diſcourſe,
Of holding on our free and proper way.
I ouer-tooke, comming from Italie,
In Germanie, a great and famous Earle
Of England; the moſt goodly faſhion'd man
I euer ſaw: from head to foote in forme
Rare, and moſt abſolute; hee had a face
Like one of the moſt ancient honour'd Romanes,
From whence his nobleſt Familie was deriu'd;
He was beſide of ſpirit paſſing great,

Valiant,

Valiant, and learn'd, and liberall as the Sunne,
Spoke and writ ſweetly, or of learned ſubiects,
Or of the diſcipline of publike weales;
And t'was the Earle of Oxford: and being offer'd
At that time, by Duke Caſſimere, the view
Of his right royall Armie then in field;
Refus'd it, and no foote was mou'd, to ſtirre
Out of his owne free fore-determin'd courſe:
I wondring at it, askt for it his reaſon,
It being an offer ſo much for his honour.
Hee, all acknowledging, ſaid, t'was not fit
To take thoſe honours that one cannot quit.

Ren. Twas anſwer'd like the man you haue deſcrib'd.

Cler. And yet he caſt it onely in the way,
To ſtay and ſerue the world. Nor did it fit
His owne true eſtimate how much it waigh'd,
For hee deſpis'd it; and eſteem'd it freer
To keepe his owne way ſtraight, and ſwore that hee
Had rather make away his whoſe eſtate
In things that croſt the vulgar, then he would
Be frozen vp, ſtiffe, like a ſir Iohn Smith
(His Countrey-man) in common Nobles faſhions;
Affecting, as the end of Nobleſſe were
Thoſe ſeruile obſeruations.

Ren. It was ſtrange.

Cler. O tis a vexing ſight to ſee a man
Out of his way, ſtalke, proud as hee were in;
Out of his way to be officious,
Obſeruant, wary, ſerious, and graue,
Fearefull, and paſſionate, inſulting, raging,
Labour with iron Flailes, to threſh downe feathers
Flitting in ayre.

Ren. What one conſiders this,
Of all that are thus out? or once endeuours,
Erring to enter, on mans Right-hand path?

Cler. Theſe are too graue for braue wits: giue them toyes,
Labour beſtow'd on theſe is harſh and thriftleſſe.
If you would Conſull be (ſayes one) of Rome,

You muſt be watching, ſtarting out of ſleepes;
Euery way whisking; gloryfying Plebeians,
Kiſſing Patricians hands, Rotat their dores;
Speake and doe baſely; euery day beſtow
Gifts and obſeruance vpon one or other:
And what's th'euent of all? Twelue Rods before thee,
Three or foure times ſit for the whole Tribunall.
Exhibite Circean Games; make publike feaſts,
And for theſe idle outward things (ſayes he)
Would'ſt thou lay on ſuch coſt, toile, ſpend thy ſpirits.
And to be voide of perturbation
For conſtancie: ſleepe when thou would'ſt haue ſleepe,
Wake when thou would'ſt wake, feare nought, vexe for nought,
No paines wilt thou beſtow? no coſt? no thought?

Ren. What ſhould I ſay? as good conſort with you,
As with an Angell: I could heare you euer.

Cler. Well; in, my Lord, and ſpend time with my Siſter;
And keepe her from the Field with all endeauour;
The Souldiers loue her ſo; and ſhee ſo madly
Would take my apprehenſion, if it chance,
That bloud would flow in riuers.

Ren. Heauen forbid;
And all with honour your arriuall ſpeede. *Exit.*

Enter Meſſenger with two Souldiers like Lackies.

Meſſ. Here are two Lackies ſir, haue meſſage to you.

Cler. What is your meſſage? and from whom, my friends?

1. From the Lieutenant Colonell, and the Captaines,
Who ſent vs to informe you, that the Battailes
Stand ready rang'd, expecting but your preſence,
To be their honor'd ſignall when to ioyne,
And we are charg'd to runne by, and attend you.

Cler. I come. I pray you ſee my running horſe
Brought to the backe-gate to mee.

Meſſ. Inſtantly. *Exit Meſſ.*

Cler. Chance what can chance mee; well or ill is equall
In my acceptance, ſince I ioy in neyther;
But goe with ſway of all the world together.

In all ſucceſſes, Fortune and the day
To mee alike are; I am fixt, be ſhee
Neuer ſo fickle; and will there repoſe,
Farre paſt the reach of any Dye ſhe throwes. *Ex. cum Pediſſ.*

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

Alarum within: Excurſions ouer thee Stage.

The Lackies running, Maillard following them.

Mail. VIllaines, not hold him when ye had him downe.
1 Who can hold lightning? Sdeath a man as well
Might catch a Canon Bullet in his mouth,
And ſpit it in your hands, as take and hold him.
Mail. Purſue; encloſe him; ſtand, or fall on him,
And yee may take him. Sdeath, they make him guards. *Exit.*

Alarum ſtill, and enter Chalon.

Chal. Stand Cowards, ſtand, ſtrike, ſend your bullets at him.
1 Wee came to entertaine him ſir, for honour.
2 Did ye not ſay ſo? *Chal.* Slaues, hee is a traitor;
Command the horſe troopes to ouer-runne the traitor. *Exit.*

Showts within. Alarum ſtill. and Chambers ſhot off.
Then enter Aumall.

Aum. What ſpirit breathes thus, in this more then man,
Turnes fleſh to ayre poſſeſt, and in a ſtorme,
Teares men about the field like Autumne leaues?
He turnd wilde lightning in the Lackies hands,
Who, though their ſodaine violent twitch vnhorſt him,
Yet when he bore himſelfe, their ſaucie fingers
Flew as too hot off, as hee had beene fire.
The ambuſh then made in, through all whoſe force,
Hee draue as if a fierce and fire-giuen Canon
Had ſpit his iron vomit out amongſt them.

The Battailes then, in two halfe-moones enclos'd him,
In which he shew'd, as if he were the light,
And they but earth, who wondring what hee was;
Shruncke their steele hornes, and gaue him glorious passe,
And as a great shot from a towne besieg'd,
At foes before it, flyes forth blacke and roring,
But they too farre, and that with waight oppresst,
(As if disdaining earth) doth onely grasse,
Strike earth, and vp againe into the ayre;
Againe sinkes to it, and againe doth rise,
And keepes such strength that when it softliest moues,
It piece-meale shiuers any let it proues:
So flew braue Clermont forth, till breath forsooke him,
Then fell to earth, and yet (sweet man) euen then
His spirits conuulsions made him bound againe,
Past all their reaches; till all motion spent,
His fixt eyes cast a blaze of such disdaine,
All stood and star'd, and vntouch'd let him lie,
As something sacred fallen out of the skie. *A cry within:*
O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him!

Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Captaines and Souldiers following.

See, prisoner led, with his bands honour'd more,
Then all the freedome he enioy'd before.

Mail. At length wee haue you sir.

Cler. You haue much ioy too,
I made you sport yet, but I pray you tell mee,
Are not you periur'd?

Mail. No: I swore for the King.

Cler. Yet periurie I hope is periurie.

Mail. But thus forswearing is not periurie;
You are no Politician: not a fault,
How foule soeuer, done for priuate ends,
Is fault in vs sworne to the publike good:
Wee neuer can be of the damned crew,
Wee may impolitique our selues (as t'were)
Into the Kingdomes body politique,

Whereof

Whereof indeede we'are members: you misse termes.
Cler. The things are yet the same.
Mail. Tis nothing so: the propertie is alter'd:
Y'are no Lawyer. Or say that othe and othe
Are still the same in number, yet their species
Differ extreamely, as for flat example,
When politique widowes trye men for their turne,
Before they wed them, they are harlots then,
But when they wed them, they are honest women:
So, priuate men, when they forsweare, betray,
Are periur'd treachers, but being publique once,
That is, sworne-married to the publique good.
Cler. Are married women publique?
Mail. Publique good,
For marriage makes them, being the publique good,
And could not be without them. So I say
Men publique, that is, being sworne-married
To the good publique, being one body made
With the Realmes body politique, are no more
Priuate, nor can be periur'd, though forsworne,
More then a widow married, for the act
Of generation is for that an harlot,
Becausse for that shee was so, being vnmarried:
An argument *a paribus*. *Chal.* Tis a shrow'd one.
Cler. Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none:
Retaine you that Sir? who said so? *Mail.* Twas I.
Cler. Thy owne tongue damne thy infidelitie.
But Captaines all you know me nobly borne,
Vse yee t'assault such men as I with Lackyes.
Chal. They are no Lackyes sir, but Souldiers,
Disguis'd in Lackyes coates.
1 Sir, wee haue seene the enemie.
Cler. Auant yee Rascols, hence.
Mail. Now leaue your coates.
Cler. Let me not see them more.
Aum. I grieue that vertue liues so vndistinguisht
From vice in any ill, and though the crowne
Of Soueraigne Law; shee should be yet her foot-stoole,

Subiect to cenſure, all the ſhame and paine
Of all her rigor.
Cler. Yet falſe policie
Would couer all, being like offenders hid,
That (after notice taken where they hide)
The more they crouch and ſtirre, the more are ſpide.
Aum. I vvonder how this chanc'd you.
Cler. Some informer,
Bloud-hound to miſchiefe, vſher to the Hangman;
Thirſtie of honour for ſome huge ſtate act,
Perceiuing me great vvith the vvorthy Guiſe:
And he (I know not vvhy) held dangerous,
Made me the deſperate organe of his danger,
Onely vvith that poore colour: tis the common
And more then vvhore-like tricke of treacherie,
And vermine bred to rapine, and to ruine:
For vvhich this fault is ſtill to be accus'd,
Since good acts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd.
If it be other neuer pittie mee.
Aum. Sir, vve are glad, beleeue it, and haue hope
The King vvill ſo conceit it.
Cler. At his pleaſure.
In meane time, vvhat's your vvill Lord Lieutenant?
Mail. To leaue your owne horſe, and to mount the trumpets.
Cler. It ſhall be done: this heauily preuents
My purpos'd recreation in theſe parts;
Which now I thinke on: let mee begge you ſir,
To lend me ſome one Captaine of your Troopes,
To beare the meſſage of my hapleſſe ſeruice,
And miſerie, to my moſt noble miſtreſſe,
Counteſſe of Cambray: to whoſe houſe this night
I promiſt my repaire, and know moſt truely,
With all the ceremonies of her fauour,
She ſure expects mee. *Mail.* Thinke you now on that?
Cler. On that, ſir? I, and that ſo worthily,
That if the King, in ſpight of your great ſeruice,
Would ſend me inſtant promiſe of enlargement,
Condition I would ſet this meſſage by,

I would not take it, but had rather die.
Aum. Your meſſage ſhall be done ſir: I my ſelfe
Will be for you a meſſenger of ill.
Cler. I thanke you ſir, and doubt not yet to liue
To quite your kindneſſe.
Aum. Meane ſpace vſe your ſpirit
And knowledge for the chearfull patience
Of this ſo ſtrange and ſodaine conſequence.
Cler. Good ſir, beleeue that no perticular torture
Can force me from my glad obedience
To any thing the high and generall cauſe,
To match with his whole Fabricke, hath ordainde,
And know yee all (though farre from all your aymes,
Yet worth them all, and all mens endleſſe ſtudies)
That in this one thing, all the diſcipline
Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd;
A man to ioyne himſelfe with th'Vniuerſe,
In his maine ſway, and make (in all things fit)
One with that all, and goe on, round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into ſtraites, or into nought reuert,
Wiſhing the compleate Vniuerſe might be
Subiect to ſuch a ragge of it as hee:
But to conſider great neceſſitie
All things as well refract, as voluntarie
Reduceth to the prime celeſtiall cauſe,
Which he that yeelds to with a mans applauſe,
And cheeke, by cheeke, goes; croſſing it, no breath,
But like Gods Image, followes to the death,
That man is truely wiſe, and euery thing,
(Each cauſe, and euery part diſtinguiſhing)
In Nature, with enough Art vnderſtands,
And that full glory merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world at all parts adorne,
And appertaines to one celeſtiall borne. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Baligny, Renel.

Bal. So foule a ſcandall neuer man ſuſtain'd,

Which

Which caus'd by'th King, is rude and tyrannous:
Giue me a place, and my Lieutenant make
The filler of it.

Ren. I should neuer looke
For better of him; neuer trust a man,
For any Iustice, that is rapt with pleasure:
To order armes well, that makes smockes his ensignes,
And his whole Gouernments sayles: you heard of late,
Hee had the foure and twenty wayes of Venerie
Done all before him.

Bal. Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

Ren. Tis more then natures mightie hand can doe
To make one humane and a Letcher too.
Looke how a Wolfe doth like a Dogge appeare,
So, like a friend is an Adulterer,
Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods;
No more true men are, then so many Toads.
A good man happy, is a common good;
Vile men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

Bal. Giue and then take like children.

Ren. Bounties are
As soone repented as they happen rare.

Bal. What should Kings doe, and men of eminent places;
But as they gather, sow gifts to the graces,
And where they haue giuen, rather giue againe,
(Being giuen for vertue) then like Babes and fooles,
Take and repent Gifts; why are wealth and power?

Ren. Power and wealth moue to tyranny, not bountie;
The Merchant for his wealth is swolne in minde,
When yet the chiefe Lord of it is the Winde.

Bal. That may so chance to our State-Merchants too:
Something performed, that hath not farre to goe.

Ren. That's the maine point, my Lord; insist on that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further? hath it taken
The tender tynder of my wifes fere bloud?
Is shee so passionate?

Ren. So wilde, so mad,
Shee cannot liue, and this vnwreakt sustaine.

The woes are bloudy that in women raigne.
The Sicile gulfe keepes feare in leſſe degree;
There is no Tyger, not more tame then ſhee.
Bal. There is no looking home then?
Ren. Home? Medea
With all her hearbs, charmes, thunders, lightning,
Made not her preſence, and blacke hants more dreadfull.
Bal. Come, to the King, if he reforme not all,
Marke the euent, none ſtand where that muſt fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſſe, Riona, and an Vſher.

Vſh. Madame, a Captaine come from Clermont D'Ambois
Deſires acceſſe to you.
Count. And not himſelfe? *Vſh.* No, Madame.
Coun. That's not vvell. Attend him in. *Exit Vſh.*
The laſt houre of his promiſe now runne out
And hee breake, ſome brack in the frame of nature
That forceth his breach.

Enter Vſher and Aumal.

Aum. Saue your Ladiſhip.
Coun. All welcome. Come you from my worthy ſeruant?
Aum. I, Madame, and conferre ſuch newes from him.
Coun. Such newes? vvhat newes?
Aum. Newes that I wiſh ſome other had had the charge of.
Coun. O vvhat charge? vvhat newes?
Aum. Your Ladiſhip muſt vſe ſome patience
Or elſe I cannot doe him that deſire,
He vrg'd vvith ſuch affection to your Graces.
Coun. Doe it; for heauens loue doe it, if you ſerue
His kinde deſires, I vvill haue patience.
Is hee in health? *Aum.* He is.
Count. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good eſtate wee hold in earth;
All our ill built vpon that, is no more
Then wee may beare, and ſhould expreſſe it all.
Aum. Madame, tis onely this; his libertie.
Coun. His libertie! Without that health is nothing.

Why

Why liue I, but to aske in doubt of that,
Is that bereft him? *Aum.* You'll againe preuent me.
Coun. No more, I sweare, I must heare, and together
Come all my miserie. Ile hold though I burst.
Aum. Then madame, thus it fares; he was enuited
By vvay of honour to him, to take view
Of all the Powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his gouernment; vvhich rang'd in battailes,
Maillard, Lieutenant to the Gouernour,
Hauing receiu'd strickt Letters from the King,
To traine him to the musters, and betray him,
To their suppriſe, which, with Chalon in chiefe,
And other Captaines (all the field put hard
By his incredible valour for his scape)
They haplesly and guiltlesly perform'd,
And to Bastile hee's now led prisoner.
Coun. What change is here? how are my hopes preuented?
O my most faithfull seruant; thou betraid?
Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is Societie
(To keepe which onely Kings vvere first ordain'd)
Lesse broke in breaking faith twixt friend and friend,
Then twixt the King and Subiect? let them feare,
Kings Presidents in licence lacke no danger.
Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like them,
Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
Nor nothing straining past right, for their right:
Raigne iustly, and raigne safely. Policie
Is but a Guard corrupted, and a way
Venter'd in Desarts, vvithout guide or path.
Kings punish Subiects errors vvith their owne.
Kings are like Archers, and their Subiects, shafts:
For as when Archers let their arrowes flye,
They call to them, and bid them flye or fall,
As if twere in the free power of the shaft
To flye or fall, vvhen onely tis the strength,
Straight shooting, compasse giuen it by the Archer,
That makes it hit or misse; and doing eyther,
Hee's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the shaft:

So Kings to Subiects crying, doe, doe not this;
Must to them by their owne examples strength,
The straightnesse of their acts, and equall compasse,
Giue Subiects power t'obey them in the like;
Not shoote them forth with faultie ayme and strength,
And lay the fault in them for flying amisse,
Aum. But for your seruant, I dare sweare him guiltlesse.
Count. Hee would not for his Kingdome traitor be;
His Lawes are not so true to him, as he.
O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd
Through all their armie, I would flye, and doe it:
And had I, of my courage and resolue,
But tenne such more, they should not all retaine him;
But I will neuer die, before I giue
Maillard an hundred slashes with a sword,
Chalon an hundred breaches with a Pistoll.
They could not all haue taken Clermont D'Ambois,
Without their treacherie; he had bought his bands out
With their slaue blouds: but he was credulous;
Hee would beleeue, since he would be beleeu'd;
Your noblest natures are most credulous.
Who giues no trust, all trust is apt to breake;
Hate like hell mouth, who thinke not what they speake.
Aum. Well, Madame, I must tender my attendance
On him againe. Will't please you to returne
No seruice to him by me?
Count. Fetch me straight
My little Cabinet. [*Exit Ancil.*] 'Tis little tell him,
And much too little for his matchlesse loue:
But as in him the worths of many men
Are close contracted; [*Intr. Ancil.*] so in this are Iewels
Worth many Cabinets. Here, with this (good sir)
Commend my kindest seruice to my seruant,
Thanke him, with all my comforts; and, in them
With all my life for them: all sent from him
In his remembrance of mee, and true loue:
And looke you tell him, tell him how I lye *She kneeles downe*
Prostrate at feet of his accurst misfortune, *at his feete.*

Pouring my teares out, which shall euer fall,
Till I haue pour'd for him out eyes and all.
Aum. O Madame, this will kill him : comfort you
With full assurance of his quicke acquitall;
Be not so passionate : rise, cease your teares.
Coun. Then must my life cease. Teares are all the vent
My life hath to scape death : Teares please me better,
Then all lifes comforts, being the naturall seede
Of heartie sorrow. As a tree fruit beares, *Hee raises her, and*
So doth an vndissembled sorrow, teares. *leades her out. Exe.*
Ush. This might haue beene before, and sau'd much charge.
Exit.

Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Esp. Soisson.
Pericot with pen, incke, and paper.

Guise. Now sir, I hope you're much abus'd Eyes see
In my word for my Clermont, what a villaine
Hee was that whisper'd in your iealous eare
His owne blacke treason in suggesting Clermonts :
Colour'd with nothing but being great with mee,
Signe then this writ for his deliuerie,
Your hand was neuer vrg'd with worthier boldnesse :
Come, pray sir, signe it : why should Kings be praid
To acts of Iustice ? tis a reuerence
Makes them despis'd, and showes they sticke and tyre
In what their free powers should be hot as fire.
Auersus. *Hen.* Well, take your will sir, Ile haue mine ere long.
But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one ?
Guise. In his most gentle, and vnwearied minde,
Rightly to vertue fram'd; in very nature;
In his most firme inexorable spirit,
To be remou'd from any thing hee chuseth
For worthinesse; or beare the lest perswasion
To what is base, or fitteth not his obiect;
In his contempt of riches and of greatnesse;
In estimation of th'Idolatrous vulgar;
His scorne of all things seruile and ignoble,
Though they could gaine him neuer such aduancement;
His liberall kinde of speaking what is truth,

In spight of temporising; the great rising,
and learning of his soule, so much the more
Against ill fortune, as shee set her selfe
Sharpe against him, or would present most hard,
To shunne the malice of her deadliest charge;
His detestation of his speciall friends,
When he perceiu'd their tyrannous will to doe,
Or their abiection basely to sustaine
Any iniustice that they could reuenge;
The flexibilitie of his most anger,
Euen in the maine careere and fury of it,
When any obiect of desertfull pittie
Offers it selfe to him; his sweet dispoſure
As much abhorring to behold, as doe
Any vnnaturall and bloudy action;
His iust contempt of Iesters, Parasites,
Seruile obseruers, and polluted tongues:
In short, this Senecall man is found in him,
Hee may with heauens immortall powers compare,
To whom the day and fortune equall are,
Constant or foule, what euer chance can fall,
Fixt in himselfe, hee still is one to all.

Hen. Showes he to others thus? *Omnes.* To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor?

Guise. These are your Macheuilian Villaines,
Your bastard Teucers, that their mischiefes done,
Runne to your shield for shelter: Caucusses,
That cut their too large murtherous theueries,
To their dens length still: woe be to that state
Where treacherie guards, and ruine makes men great.

Hen. Goe, take my Letters for him, and release him.

Om. Thankes to your Highnesse, euer liue your Highnesse. *Exeunt.*

Bal. Better a man were buried quicke, then liue
A propertie for state, and spoile, to thriue. *Exit.*

Enter Clermont, Mail. Chal. with Souldiers.

Mail. Wee ioy you take a chance so ill, so well.

Cler. Who euer saw me differ in acceptance

Of eyther fortune ?
Chal. What, loue bad, like good ?
How ſhould one learne that ?
Cler. To loue nothing outward,
Or not within our owne powers to command;
And ſo being ſure of euery thing we loue,
Who cares to loſe the reſt: if any man
Would neyther liue nor dye in his free choiſe,
But as hee ſees neceſſitie will haue it,
(Which if hee would reſiſt, hee ſtriues in vaine)
What can come neere him, that hee doth not well,
And if in worſt euents, his will be done;
How can the beſt be better ? all is one.
Mail. Me thinkes tis prettie.
Cler. Put no difference
If you haue this, or not this; but as children
Playing at coites, euer regard their game,
And care not for their coites; ſo let a man
The things themſelues that touch him not eſteeme,
But his free power in well diſpoſing them.
Chal. Prettie from toyes.
Cler. Me thinkes this double diſticke
Seemes prettily too, to ſtay ſuperfluous longings:
Not to haue want, what riches doth exceede ?
Not to be ſubiect, what ſuperiour thing ?
He that to nought aſpires, doth nothing neede;
Who breakes no Law is ſubiect to no King.
Mail. This goes to mine eare well I promiſe you.
Chal. O, but tis paſſing hard to ſtay one thus.
Cler. Tis ſo; rancke cuſtome raps men ſo beyond it,
And as tis hard, ſo well mens dores to barre
To keepe the cat out, and th'adulterer;
So tis as hard to curbe affections ſo,
Wee let in nought to make them ouer-flow.
And as of Homers verſes, many Critickes
On thoſe ſtand, of which times old moth hath eaten,
The firſt or laſt feete, and the perfect parts,
of his vnmatched Poeme ſinke beneath,

With vpright gaſping, and ſloath dull as death:
So the vnprofitable things of life,
And thoſe we cannot compaſſe, we affect;
All that doth profit, and wee haue, neglect,
Like couetous, and baſely getting men,
That gathering much, vſe neuer vvhat they keepe;
But for the leaſt they looſe, extreamely vveepe,

Mail. This prettie talking and our horſes walking
Downe this ſteepe hill, ſpends time with equall profit.

Cler. Tis well beſtow'd on ye, meate and men ſicke
Agree like this, and you; and yet euen this
Is th'end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to heare ſir, how your Miſtreſſe takes this.

Enter Aumal with a Cabinet.

Mail. Wee ſoone ſhall know it: ſee Aumall return'd.

Aum. Eaſe to your bands ſir.

Cler. Welcome worthy friend.

Chal. How tooke his nobleſt Miſtreſſe your ſad meſſage?

Aum. As great rich men take ſodaine pouertie,
I neuer witneſs'd a more noble loue,
Nor a more ruthfull ſorrow: I well wiſht
Some other had beene maſter of my meſſage.

Mail. Y'are happy ſir, in all things, but this one,
Of your vnhappy apprehenſion.

Cler. This is to mee, compar'd with her much mone,
As one teare is to her whole paſſion.

Aum. Sir, ſhee commends her kindeſt ſeruice to you,
And this rich Cabinet.

Chal. O happy man.
This may enough hold to redeeme your bands.

Cler. Theſe clouds I doubt not, will be ſoone blowne ouer.

Enter Baligny with his diſcharge: Renel, and others.

Aum. Your hope is iuſt and happy, ſee ſir both
In both the looks of theſe.

Bal. Here's a diſcharge
For this your priſoner, my good Lord Lieutenant.

Mail Alas, ſir, I vſurpe that ſtile enforc't,
And hope you know it was not my aſpiring.
Bal. Well ſir, my wrong aſpir'd paſt all mens hopes.
Mail. I ſorrow for it ſir.
Ren. You ſee ſir there
Your priſoners diſcharge autenticall.
Mail. It is ſir, and I yeeld it him with gladneſſe.
Bal. Brother, I brought you downe to much good purpoſe.
Cler. Repeate not that ſir : the amends makes all :
Ren. I ioy in it, my beſt and worthieſt friend,
O y'haue a princely fautor of the Guiſe.
Bal. I thinke I did my part to.
Ren. Well, ſir; all
Is in the iſſue vvell : and (vvorthieſt Friend)
Here's from your friend the Guiſe; here from the Counteſſe,
Your Brothers Miſtreſſe, the contents vvhereof
I know, and muſt prepare you now to pleaſe
Th'vnreſted ſpirit of your ſlaughtered brother,
If it be true, as you imagin'd once,
His apparition ſhow'd it; the complot
Is now laid ſure betwixt vs; therefore haſte
Both to your great friend (vvho hath ſome vſe vvaightie
For your repaire to him) and to the Counteſſe,
Whoſe ſatisfaction is no leſſe important.
Cler. I ſee all, and vvill haſte as it importeth.
And good friend, ſince I muſt delay a little
My wiſht attendance on my nobleſt Miſtreſſe,
Excuſe me to her, with returne of this,
And endleſſe proteſtation of my ſeruice;
And now become as glad a meſſenger,
As you vvere late a vvofull.
Asm. Happy change,
I euer vvill ſalute thee with my ſeruice. *Exit.*
Bal. Yet more newes Brother; the late ieſting Monſieur
Makes now your Brothers dying propheſie equall
At all parts, being dead as he preſag'd.
Ren. Heauen ſhield the Guiſe from ſeconding that truth,
With what he likewiſe propheſied on him.

Cler.

Cler. It hath enough, twas grac'd with truth in one,
To'th other falshood and confusion.
Leade to'th Court sir.
Bal. You lle leade no more,
It was to ominous and foule before. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus quinti Scæna prima.

Ascendit Vmbra Bussi.

Vmb VP from the Chaos of eternall night,
(To vvhich the whole digestion of the world
Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold dampe of this piercing ayre.
To vrge the iustice, whose almightie word
Measures the bloudy acts of impious men,
With equall pennance, who in th'act it selfe
Includes th'infliction, which like chained shot
Batter together still; though (as the thunder
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their sight,
To breake a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud,)
So men thinke pennance of their ils is slow,
Though th'ill and pennance still together goe.
Reforme yee ignorant men, your manlesse liues
Whose lawes yee thinke are nothing but your lusts,
When leauing but for suppositions sake,
The body of felicitie (Religion)
Set in the midst of Christendome, and her head
Cleft to her bosome; one halfe one vvay swaying
Another th'other: all the Christian world
And all her lawes, vvhose obseruation,
Stands vpon faith, aboue the power of reason:
Leauing (I say) all these, this might suffice,
To fray yee from your vicious swindge in ill,

And

And ſet you more on fire to doe more good:
That ſince the vvorld (as vvhich of you denies)
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,
That all the ioynts and nerues ſuſtaining nature,
As well may breake, and yet the vvorld abide,
As any one good vnrewarded die,
Or any one ill ſcape his penaltie. *The Ghoſt ſtands cloſe.*

Enter Guiſe, Clermont.

Gui. Thus(friend)thou ſeeſt how all good men would thriue,
Did not the good thou prompt'ſt me with preuent,
The iealous ill purſuing them in others.
But now thy dangers are diſpatcht, note mine:
Haſt thou not heard of that admired voyce,
That at the Barricadoes ſpake to mee,
(No perſon ſeene)Let's leade (my Lord) to Reimes?

Cler. Nor could you learne the perſon?

Guiſe. By no meanes.

Cler. Twas but your fancie then a waking dreame:
For as in ſleepe,which bindes both th'outward ſenſes,
And the ſenſe common to; th'imagining power
(Stird vp by formes hid in the memories ſtore,
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours
In bodies full and foule; and mixt vvith ſpirits,)
Faines many ſtrange, miraculous images,
In which act, it ſo painfully applyes
It ſelfe to thoſe formes, that the common ſenſe
It actuates with his motion; and thereby
Thoſe fictions true ſeeme, and haue reall act:
So, in the ſtrength of our conceits, awake,
The cauſe alike, doth of like fictions make.

Guiſe. Be what it vvill,twas a preſage of ſomething
Waightie and ſecret,vvhich th'aduertiſements
I haue receiu'd from all parts, both vvithout,
And in this Kingdome, as from Rome and Spaine
Soccaine and Sauoye, giues me cauſe to thinke,
All vvriting that our plots Cataſtrophe,
For propagation of the Catholique cauſe,

Will bloudy proue, diſſoluing all our counſailes:
Cler. Retyre then from them all.
Guiſe. I muſt not doe ſo.
The Arch-Biſhop of Lyons tels me plaine
I ſhall be ſaid then to abandon France
In ſo important an occaſion:
And that mine enemies (their profit making
Of my faint abſence) ſoone would let that fall,
That all my paines did to this height exhale.
Cler. Let all fall that would riſe vnlawfully:
Make not your forward ſpirit in vertues right,
A property for vice, by thruſting on
Further then all your powers can fetch you off.
It is enough, your will is infinite
To all things vertuous and religious,
Which within limits kept, may without danger.
Let vertue ſome good from your Graces gather,
Auarice of all is euer nothings father.
Vmb. Danger (the ſpurre of all great mindes) is euer
The curbe to your tame ſpirits; you reſpect not
(With all your holineſſe of life and learning)
More then the preſent, like illiterate vulgars,
Your minde (you ſay) kept in your fleſhes bounds,
Showes that mans will muſt rul'd be by his power:
When (by true doctrine) you are taught to liue
Rather without the body, then within;
And rather to your God ſtill then your ſelfe:
To liue to him, is to doe all things fitting
His Image, in which, like himſelfe we liue;
To be his Image, is to doe thoſe things,
That make vs deathleſſe, which by death is onely;
Doing thoſe deedes that fit eternitie,
And thoſe deedes are the perfecting that Iuſtice,
That makes the world laſt, which proportion is
Of puniſhment and wreake for euery wrong,
As well as for right a reward as ſtrong:
Away then, vſe the meanes thou haſt to right
The wrong I ſuffer'd. What corrupted Law

Leaues vnperform'd in Kings, doe thou ſupply,
And be aboue them all in dignitie. *Exit.*

Guiſe. Why ſtand'ſt thou ſtill thus, and applyeſt thine eares,
And eyes to nothing?

Cler. Saw you nothing here?

Guiſe. Thou dream'ſt, awake now; what was here to ſee?

Cler. My Brothers ſpirit, vrging his reuenge.

Guiſe. Thy Brothers ſpirit! pray thee mocke me not.

Cler. No, by my loue and ſeruice.

Guiſe. Would he riſe,
And not be thundring threates againſt the Guiſe?

Cler. You make amends for enmitie to him,
With tenne parts more loue, and deſert of mee;
And as you make your hate to him, no let
Of any loue to mee; no more beares hee
(Since you to me ſupply it) hate to you.
Which reaſon and which Iuſtice is perform'd
In Spirits tenne parts more then fleſhy men.
To whoſe fore-ſights our acts and thoughts lie open:
And therefore ſince hee ſaw the treacherie
Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,
Hee would not honor his hand with the iuſtice
(As hee eſteemes it) of his blouds reuenge,
To which my Siſter needes would haue him ſworne,
Before ſhe would conſent to marry him.

Guiſe. O Baligny, who would beleeue there were
A man, that (onely ſince his lookes are rais'd
Vpwards, and haue but ſacred heauen in ſight)
Could beare a minde ſo more then diuelliſh?
As for the painted glory of the countenance,
Flitting in Kings, doth good for nought eſteeme,
And the more ill hee does, the better ſeeme.

Cler. Wee eaſily may beleeue it, ſince we ſee
In this worlds practiſe few men better be.
Iuſtice to liue doth nought but Iuſtice neede,
But Policie muſt ſtill on miſchiefe feede.
Vntruth for all his ends, truths name doth ſue in;
None ſafely liue, but thoſe that ſtudy ruine.

A good man happy, is a common good;
Ill men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.
Guiſe. But this thy brothers ſpirit ſtartles mee,
Theſe ſpirits ſeld or neuer hanting men,
But ſome miſhap enſues.
Cler. Enſue what can:
Tyrants may kill, but neuer hurt a man;
All to his good makes, ſpight of death and hell.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. All the deſert of good, renowne your Highneſſe.
Guiſe. Welcome Aumall.
Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome.
How tooke my nobleſt miſtreſſe the chang'd newes?
Aum. It came too late ſir, for thoſe louelieſt eyes
(Through which a ſoule look't ſo diuinely louing,
Teares nothing vttering her diſtreſſe enough)
She wept quite out, and like two falling Starres
Their deareſt ſights quite vaniſht with her teares.
Cler. All good forbid it.
Guiſe. What euents are theſe?
Cler. All muſt be borne my Lord: and yet this chance
Would willingly enforce a man to caſt off
All power to beare with comfort, ſince hée ſees
In this, our comforts made our miſeries.
Guiſe. How ſtrangely thou art lou'd of both the ſexes;
Yet thou lou'ſt neyther, but the good of both.
Cler. In loue of women, my affection firſt
Takes fire out of the fraile parts of my bloud;
Which till I haue enioy'd, is paſſionate,
Like other louers: but fruition paſt,
I then loue out of iudgement; the deſert
Of her I loue, ſtill ſticking in my heart,
Though the deſire, and the delight be gone,
Which muſt chance ſtill, ſince the compariſon
Made vpon tryall twixt what reaſon loues,
And what affection, makes in mee the beſt
Euer preferd; what moſt loue, valuing leſt.

Guise. Thy loue being iudgement then, and of the minde,
Marry thy worthiest mistresse now being blinde.
Cler. If there were loue in mariage so I would;
But I denie that any man doth loue,
Affecting vviues, maides, widowes, any women:
For neither Flyes loue milke, although they drowne
In greedy search thereof; nor doth the Bee
Loue honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gathering it; nor those that fat
Or beasts, or fowles, doe any thing therein
For any loue: for as when onely nature
Moues men to meate, as farre as her power rules,
Shee doth it with a temperate apperite,
The too much men deuoure, abhorring nature;
And in our most health, is our most disease:
So, when humanitie rules men and vvomen.
Tis for societie confinde in reason.
But what excites the beds desire in bloud,
By no meanes iustly can be construed loue;
For when loue kindles any knowing spirit,
It ends in vertue and effects diuine;
And is in friendship chaste, and masculine.
Guise. Thou shalt my Mistresse be; me thinkes my bloud
Is taken vp to all loue vvith thy vertues.
And howsoeuer other men despise
These Paradoxes strange, and too precise,
Since they hold on the right way of our reason,
I could attend them euer. Come, away;
Performe thy brothers thus importun'd wreake;
And I will see what great affaires the King
Hath to employ my counsell, which he seemes
Much to desire, and more and more esteemes. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Baligny, with sixe of the guard.

Hen. Saw you his sawcie forcing of my hand
To D'Ambois freedome?
Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to beare

An inſolence ſo Giantly auſtere.

Hen. The more Kings beare at Subiects hands, the more
Their lingring Iuſtice gathers; that reſembles
The waightie, and the goodly-bodied Eagle,
Who (being on earth) before her ſhady wings
Can raiſe her into ayre, a mightie way
Cloſe by the ground ſhe runnes; but being aloft,
All ſhee commands, ſhe flyes at; and the more
Death in her Seres beares, the more time ſhee ſtayes
Her thundry ſtoope from that on which ſhee preyes.

Bal. You muſt be then more ſecret in the waight
Of theſe your ſhadie counſels, who will elſe
Beare (where ſuch ſparkes flye as the Guiſe and D'Ambois)
Pouder about them. Counſels (as your entrailes)
Should be vnpierſt and ſound kept; for not thoſe,
Whom you diſcouer, you neglect; but ope
A ruinous paſſage to your owne beſt hope.

Hen. Wee haue Spies ſet on vs, as we on others;
And therefore they that ſerue vs muſt excuſe vs,
If what wee moſt hold in our hearts, take winde,
Deceit hath eyes that ſee into the minde.
But this plot ſhall be quicker then their twinckling,
On whoſe lids Fate, with her dead waight ſhall lie,
And Confidence that lightens ere ſhe die.
Friends of my Guard, as yee gaue othe to be
True to your Soueraigne, keepe it manfully:
Your eyes haue witneſt oft th'Ambition
That neuer made acceſſe to me in Guiſe
But Treaſon euer ſparkled in his eyes:
Which if you free vs of, our ſafetie ſhall
You not our Subiects, but our Patrons call.

Omnes. Our duties binde vs, hee is now but dead.

Hen. Wee truſt in it, and thanke ye. Baligny,
Goe lodge their ambuſh, and thou God that art
Fautor of Princes, thunder from the skies,
Beneath his hill of pride this Gyant Guiſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamyra with a Letter, Charlotte in mans attire.

Tam. I ſee y'are Seruant, ſir, to my deare ſiſter,
The Lady of her lou'd Baligny.
Char. Madame I am bound to her vertuous bounties,
For that life which I offer in her vertuous ſeruice,
To the reuenge of her renowned brother.
Tam. She writes to mee as much, and much deſires,
That you may be the man, whoſe ſpirit ſhee knowes
Will cut ſhort off theſe long and dull delayes,
Hitherto bribing the eternall Iuſtice:
Which I beleeue, ſince her vnmatched ſpirit
Can iudge of ſpirits, that haue her ſulphure in them;
But I muſt tell you, that I make no doubt,
Her liuing brother will reuenge her dead,
On whom the dead impos'd the taske, and hee,
I know, will come t'effect it inſtantly.
Char. They are but words in him; beleeue them not.
Tam. See; this is the vault, where he muſt enter:
Where now I thinke hee is.

Enter Renel at the vault, with the Counteſſe being blinde.

Ren. God ſaue you Lady.
What Gentleman is this, with whom you truſt
The deadly waightie ſecret of this houre?
Tam. One that your ſelfe will ſay, I well may truſt.
Ren. Then come vp Madame. *He helps the Counteſſe vp.*
See here honour'd Lady,
A Counteſſe that in loues miſhap doth equall
At all parts, your wrong'd ſelfe; and is the miſtreſſe
Of your ſlaine ſeruants brother; in whoſe loue
For his late treachrous apprehenſion,
She wept her faire eyes from her Iuory browes,
And would haue wept her ſoule out, had not I
Promiſt to bring her to this mortall quarrie,
That by her loſt eyes for her ſeruants loue,
She might coniure him from this ſterne attempt,
In which, (by a moſt ominous dreame ſhee had)

Shee

Shee knowes his death fixt, and that neuer more
Out of this place the Sunne shall see him liue.
Char. I am prouided then to take his place,
And vndertaking on me.
Ren. You sir, why?
Char. Since I am charg'd so by my mistresse,
His mournfull sister.
Tam. See her Letter sir. *Hee reades.*
Good Madame, I rue your fate, more then mine,
And know not how to order these affaires,
They stand on such occurrents.
Ren. This indeede,
I know to be your Lady mistresse hand,
And know besides, his brother will, and must
Indure no hand in this reuenge but his.

Enter Vmbr. Bussy.

Umb. Away, dispute no more; get vp, and see,
Clermont must auchthor this iust Tragedie.
Coun. Who's that? *Ren.* The spirit of Bussy.
Tam. O my seruant! let vs embrace.
Umb. Forbeare. The ayre, in which
My figures likenesse is impresst, will blast,
Let my reuenge for all loues satisfie,
In vvhich (dame) feare not, Clermont shall not dye:
No word dispute more, vp, and see th'euent. *Exeunt Ladyes.*
Make the Guard sure Renel; and then the doores
Command to make fast, when the Earle is in. *Exit Ren.*
The blacke soft-footed houre is now on wing,
Which for my iust wreake, Ghosts shall celebrate,
With dances dire, and of infernall state. *Exit.*

Enter Guise.

Guise. Who sayes that death is naturall, vvhen nature
Is with the onely thought of it, dismaid?
I haue had Lotteries set vp for my death,
And I haue drawne beneath my trencher one,
Knit in my hand-kerchiefe another lot,
The word being; Y'are a dead man if you enter,

And theſe words, this imperfect bloud and fleſh,
Shrincke at in ſpight of me; their ſolidſt part
Melting like ſnow within mee, with colde fire:
I hate my ſelfe, that ſeeking to rule Kings,
I cannot curbe my ſlaue. Would any ſpirit
Free, manly, Princely, wiſh to liue to be
Commanded by this maſſe of ſlauerie,
Since Reaſon, Iudgement, Reſolution,
And ſcorne of what we feare, will yeeld to feare?
While this ſame ſincke of ſenſualitie ſwels,
Who would liue ſinking in it? and not ſpring
Vp to the Starres, and leaue this carrion here,
For Wolfes, and Vultures, and for Dogges to teare?
O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide
This ſoftneſſe from my fleſh, farre as my reaſon,
Farre as my reſolution, not to ſtirre
One foote out of the way, for death and hell.
Let my falſe man by falſhood periſh here,
There's no way elſe to ſet my true man cleere.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The King deſires your Grace to come to Councill.
Guiſe. I come. It cannot be: hee will not dare
To touch me with a treacherie ſo prophane.
Would Clermont now were here, to try how hee
Would lay about him, if this plot ſhould be:
Here would be toſſing ſoules into the skie.
Who euer knew bloud ſau'd by treacherie?
Well, I muſt on, and will; what ſhould I feare?
Not againſt two, Alcides? againſt two
And Hercules to friend, the Guiſe will goe.

He takes vp the Arras, and the Guard enters vpon him: hee drawes.

Guiſe. Holde murtherers. *They ſtrike him downe.*
So then, this is confidence
In greatnes, not in goodnes: wher is the king? *The king comes in ſight with Eſ. Soiſ. & others.*
Let him appeare to iuſtifie his deede.

In

In ſpight of my betrai'd wounds; ere my ſoule
Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath ſtrength
To vrge his tyrannie.
Hen. See ſir, I am come
To iuſtifie it before men, and God,
Who knowes with what wounds in my heart for woe
Of your ſo wounded faith, I made theſe wounds,
Forc't to it by an inſolence of force
To ſtirre a ſtone, nor is a rocke oppos'd
To all the billowes of the churliſh ſea,
More beate, and eaten with them, then was I
With your ambitious mad Idolatrie;
And this bloud I ſhed, is to ſaue the bloud
Of many thouſands.
Guiſe. That's your white pretext,
But you will finde one drop of bloud ſhed lawleſſe,
Will be the fountaine to a purple ſea:
The preſent luſt, and ſhift made for Kings liues
Againſt the pure forme, and iuſt power of Law,
Will thriue like ſhifters purchaſes; there hangs
A blacke Starre in the skies, to which the Sunne
Giues yet no light, will raine a poyſon'd ſhower
Into your entrailes, that will make you feele
How little ſafetie lies in treacherous ſteele.
Hen. Well ſir, Ile beare it; y'haue a Brother to,
Burſts with like threates, the skarlet Cardinall:
Seeke, and lay hands on him; and take this hence,
Their blouds, for all you, on my conſcience. *Exit.*
Guiſe. So ſir, your full ſwindge take; mine, death hath curb'd.
Clermont, farewell: O didſt thou ſee but this:
But it is better, ſee by this the Ice
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt deſpiſe,
When thou hear'ſt mine ſhed. Is there no friend here
Will beare my loue to him? *Aum.* I will, my Lord.
Guiſe. Thankes with my laſt breath: recommend me then
To the moſt worthy of the race of men. *Dyes. Exeunt.*

Enter Monſ. and Tamyra.

Mont. Who haue you let into my houſe? *Tam.* I, none.

Mont. Tis falſe, I ſauour the rancke bloud of foes
In euery corner.
Tam. That you may doe well,
It is the bloud you lately ſhed, you ſmell.
Mont. Sdeath the vault opes. *The gulfe opens.*
Tam. What vault? hold your ſword. *Clermont aſcends.*
Cler. No, let him vſe it. *Mont.* Treaſon, murther, murther.
Cler. Exclaime not; tis in vaine, and baſe in you,
Being one, to onely one. *Mont.* O bloudy ſtrumpet!
Cler. With what bloud charge you her? it may be mine
As well as yours; there ſhall not any elſe
Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,
Nor imitate the murtherous courſe you tooke;
But ſingle here, will haue my former challenge,
Now anſwer'd ſingle, not a minute more
My brothers bloud ſhall ſtay for his reuenge,
If I can act it; if not, mine ſhall adde
A double conqueſt to you, that alone
Put it to fortune now, and vſe no ods.
Storme not, nor beate your ſelfe thus gainſt the dores,
Like to a ſauage vermine in a trap:
All dores are ſure made, and you cannot ſcape,
But by your valour. *Mont.* No, no, come and kill mee.
Cler. If you will die ſo like a beaſt, you ſhall,
But when the ſpirit of a man may ſaue you,
Doe not ſo ſhame man, and a Noble man.
Mont. I doe not ſhow this baſeneſſe, that I feare thee,
But to preuent and ſhame thy victory,
Which of one baſe is baſe, and ſo Ile die. *Cler.* Here then.
Mon. Stay, hold, one thought hath harden'd me, *He ſtarts vp.*
And ſince I muſt afford thee victorie,
It ſhall be great and braue, if one requeſt
Thou wilt admit mee. *Cler.* What's that?
Mont. Giue me leaue
To fetch and vſe the ſword thy Brother gaue mee
When he was brauely giuing vp his life.
Cler. No, Ile not fight againſt my brothers ſword,
Not that I feare it, but ſince tis a tricke,

For you to ſhow your backe.
Mont. By all truth, no:
Take but my honourable othe, I will not.
Cler. Your honourable othe, plaine truth no place has
Where othes are honourable.
Tam. Truſt not his othe.
Hee will lie like a Lapwing, when ſhee flyes
Farre from her ſought neſt, ſtill here tis ſhee cryes.
Mont. Out on thee damme of Diuels. I will quite
Diſgrace thy braues conqueſt, die, not fight. *Lyes downe.*
Tam. Out on my fortune to wed ſuch an abiect.
Now is the peoples voyce, the voyce of God;
Hee that to wound a vvoman vants ſo much,
(As hee did mee) a man dares neuer touch.
Cler. Reuenge your wounds now madame, I reſigne him
Vp to your full vvill, ſince hee will not fight.
Firſt you ſhall torture him (as hee did you,
And Iuſtice wils) and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this Ponyard.
Mont. Sinke Earth, open Heauen,
And let fall vengeance.
Tam. Come ſir, good ſir hold him.
Mont. O ſhame of women, whither art thou fled!
Cler. Why (good my Lord) is it a greater ſhame
For her then you? come, I will be the bands
You vs'd to her, prophaning her faire hands.
Mont. No ſir, Ile fight now, and the terror be
Of all you Champions to ſuch as ſhee.
I did but thus farre dally: now obſerue,
O all you aking fore-heads that haue rob'd,
Your hands of weapons, and your hearts of valour,
Ioyne in mee all your rages, and rebutters,
And into duſt ram this ſame race of Furies,
In this one relicke of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple ſoule ſhed, drowne it all. *Fight.*
Mont. Now giue me breath a while. *Cler.* Receiue it freely.
Mont. What thinke y'a this now?
Cler. It is very noble.

Had it beene free (at leaſt) and of your ſelfe,
And thus wee ſee (where valour moſt doth vant)
What tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I ſhall grace your conqueſt.

Cler. That you ſhall. *Mont.* If you obtaine it.

Cler. True ſir, tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would ſcarce
Change liues with you, I feele ſo great a change
In my tall ſpirits breath'd, I thinke, with the breath
A D'Ambois breathes here, and neceſſitie
(With whoſe point now prickt on, and ſo, vvhoſe helpe
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,
If ſhee except not you, of all men onely)
May change the caſe here.

Cler. True as you are chang'd,
Her power in me vrg'd, makes y'another man,
Then yet you euer were. *Mont.* Well, I muſt on.

Cler. Your Lordſhip muſt by all meanes. *Mon.* Then at all.

Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.

Charlotte aboue.

Char. Death of my father: what a ſhame is this,
Sticke in his hands thus? *Ren.* Gentle ſir forbeare.

Coun. Is he not ſlaine yet? *She gets downe.*

Ren. No Madame, but hurt in diuers parts of him.

Mont. Y'haue giuen it me,
And yet I feele life for another vennie,

Enter Charlotte.

Cler. What would you ſir?

Char. I would performe this Combat.

Cler. Againſt which of vs?

Char. I care not much if twere
Againſt thy ſelfe: thy ſiſter would haue ſham'd,
To haue thy Brothers wreake with any man
(In ſingle combat) ſticke ſo in her fingers.

Cler. My Siſter? know you her?

Tam. I ſir, ſhee ſent him,
With this kinde Letter, to performe the vvreake

Of my deare Seruant.
Cler. Now alas good sir,
Thinke you you could doe more?
Char. Alas? I doe,
And wer't not, I, fresh, sound, should charge a man
Weary, and vvounded, I would long ere this,
Haue prou'd what I presume on.
Cler. Y'haue a minde
Like to my Sister, but haue patience now,
If next charge speede not, Ile resigne to you.
Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.
Cler. No, my Lord,
I am the man in fate, and since so brauely
Your Lordship stands mee, scape but one more charge,
And on my life, Ile set your life at large.
Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit ioy and all good on thy victorie. *Fights, and fals downe.*
Mon. Farewell, I hartily forgiue thee. Wife, *Hee giues his hand to Cler. and his Wife.*
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest of life.
Cler. Noble and Christian.
Tam. O it breakes my heart.
Cler. And should, for all faults found in him before,
These words, this end, makes full amends and more.
Rest worthy soule, and vvith it the deare spirit
Of my lou'd Brother, rest in endlesse peace:
Soft lie thy bones Heauen be your soules abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no lode.

Musicke, and the Ghost of Bussy enters, leading the Ghost of the Guise; Monsieur, Cardinall Guise, and Shattillion, they dance about the dead body, and Exeunt.

Cler. How strange is this? the Guise amongst these spirits,
And his great Brother Cardinall, both yet liuing,
And that the rest vvith them, vvith ioy thus celebrate
This our reuenge? This certainely presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinall.
That the Shattilians Ghost to should thus ioyne
In celebration of this iust reuenge,

With Guiſe, that bore a chiefe ſtroke in his death,
It ſeemes that now he doth approue the act,
And theſe true ſhadowes of the Guiſe and Cardinall,
Fore-running thus their bodies, may approue
That all things to be done, as here wee liue,
Are done before all times in th'other life.
That Spirits ſhould riſe in theſe times yet are fables;
Though learnedſt men hold that our ſenſiue ſpirits
A little time abide about the graues
Of their deceaſed bodies; and can take
In colde condenc't ayre, the ſame formes they had,
When they were ſhut vp in this bodies ſhade.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. O Sir, the Guiſe is ſlaine. *Cler.* Auert it Heauen.
Aum. Sent for to Councill, by the King, an ambuſh
(Lodg'd for the purpoſe) ruſht on him, and tooke
His Princely life; who ſent (in dying then)
His loue to you, as to the beſt of men.
Cler. The worſt, and moſt accurſt of things creeping
On earths ſad boſome. Let me pray yee all
A little to forbeare, and let me vſe
Freely mine owne minde in lamenting him.
Ile call yee ſtraight againe.
Aum. We will forbeare, and leaue you free ſir. *Exeunt.*
Cler. Shall I liue, and hee
Dead, that alone gaue meanes of life to me?
There's no diſputing with the acts of Kings,
Reuenge is impious on their ſacred perſons:
And could I play the worldling (no man louing
Longer then gaine is reapt, or grace from him)
I ſhould ſuruiue, and ſhall be wondred at,
(Though in mine owne hands being) I end with him:
But Friendſhip is the Sement of two mindes,
As of one man the ſoule and body is,
Of which one cannot ſeuer, but the other
Suffers a needfull ſeparation. *Deſcend Ren.*
Ren. I feare your ſeruant, Madame: let's deſcend. *& Comn.*
Cler.

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I neuer liu'd
To pleaſe men worldly, and ſhall I in death,
Reſpect their pleaſures, making ſuch a iarre
Betwixt my death and life, when death ſhould make
The conſort ſweeteſt; th'end being proofe and crowne
To all the skill and worth wee truely owne?
Guiſe, O my Lord, how ſhall I caſt from me
The bands and couerts hindring me from thee?
The garment or the couer of the minde,
The humane ſoule is; of the ſoule, the ſpirit
The proper robe is; of the ſpirit, the bloud;
And of the bloud, the body is the ſhrowd.
With that muſt I beginne then to vnclothe,
And come at th'other. Now then as a ſhip,
Touching at ſtrange, and farre remoued ſhores;
Her men a ſhore goe, for their ſeuerall ends,
Freſh water, victuals, precious ſtones, and pearle,
All yet intentiue when (the maſter cals,
The Ship to put off ready) to leaue all
Their greedieſt labours, leſt they there be left,
To theeues, or beaſts, or be the Countries ſlaues:
So, now my maſter cals, my ſhip, my venture
All in one bottome put, all quite put off,
Gone vnder ſaile, and I left negligent,
To all the horrors of the vicious time,
The farre remou'd ſhores to all vertuous aimes;
None fauouring goodneſſe; none but he reſpecting
Pietie or man-hood. Shall I here ſuruiue,
Not caſt me after him into the ſea,
Rather then here liue, readie euery houre
To feede theeues, beaſts, and be the ſlaue of power?
I come my Lord, Clermont thy creature comes. *Hee kils himſelfe.*

Enter Aumal, Tamyra, Charlotte.

Aum. What? lye and languiſh, Clermont? Curſed man
To leaue him here thus: hee hath ſlaine himſelfe.
Tam. Miſery on miſery! O me wretched Dame
Of all that breath, all heauen turne all his eyes,

In harty enuie, thus on one poore dame.

Char. Well done my Brother: I did loue thee euer,
But now adore thee: loſſe of ſuch a friend
None ſhould ſuruiue, of ſuch a Brother;
With my falſe husband liue, and both theſe ſlaine:
Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

Enter Renel leading the Counteſſe.

Ren. Horror of humane eyes, O Clermont D'Ambois!
Madame, wee ſtaid too long, your ſeruant's ſlaine.

Coun. It muſt be ſo, he liu'd but in the Guiſe,
As I in him. O follow life mine eyes.

Tam. Hide, hide thy ſnakie head, to Cloiſters flie,
In pennance pine, too eaſie tis to die.

Cler. It is. In Cloiſters then let's all ſuruiue.
Madame, ſince wrath nor griefe can helpe theſe fortunes,
Let vs forſake the world, in which they raigne,
And for their wiſht amends to God complaine.

Count. Tis fit and onely needfull: leade me on,
In heauens courſe comfort ſeeke, in earth is none. *Exeunt.*

Enter Henry, Eſpernone, Soiſſone, and others.

Hen. Wee came indeede too late, which much I rue,
And would haue kept this Clermont as my crowne.
Take in the dead, and make this fatall roome
(The houſe ſhut vp) the famous D'Ambois Tombe. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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